

Mickey Mouse

Magazine

10¢



NOVEMBER 1938

VOL. 4 No. 2

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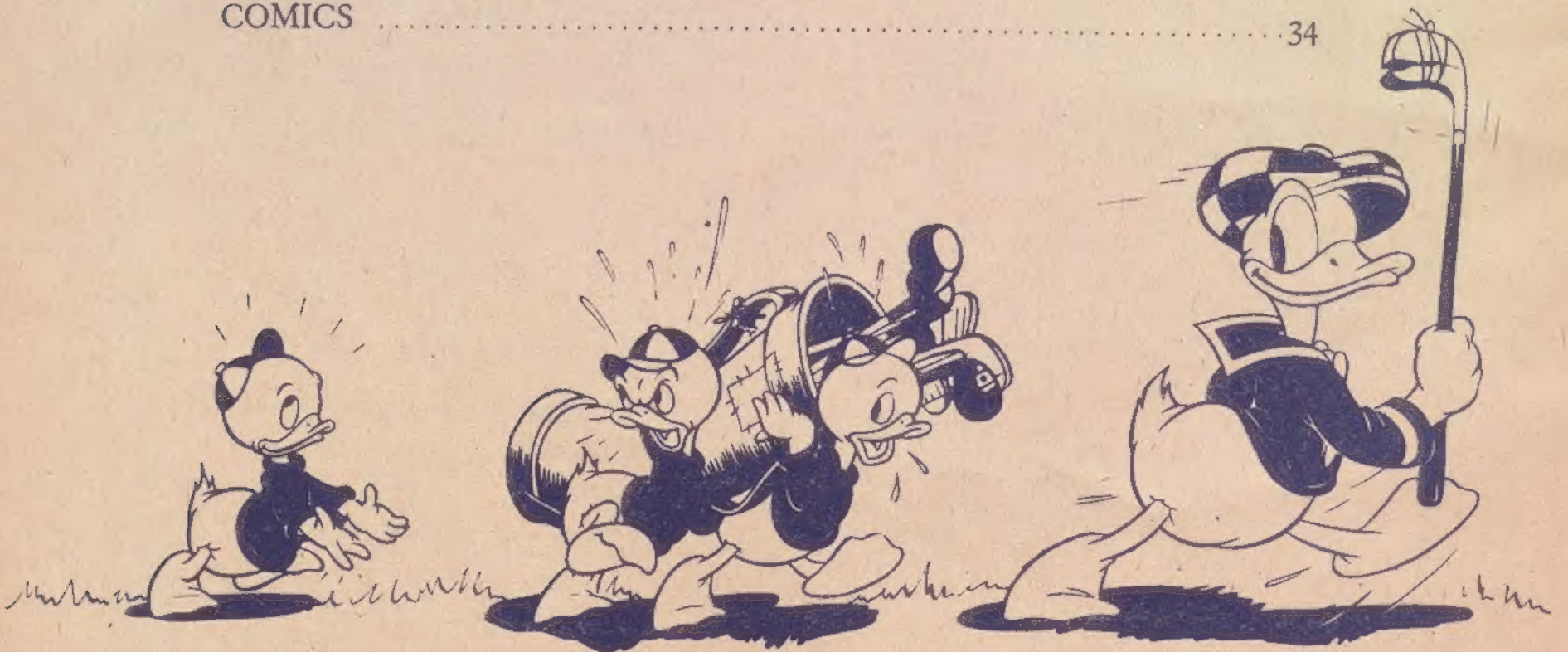
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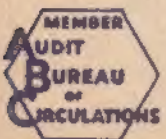
MAIL TO MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE, 1270 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK



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Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor

KAY KAMEN, Publisher



Just Between Us —

BEGINNING on Armistice Day, the 11th of November, the American Red Cross will hold their annual roll call all over the country. They have so much work to do that all of us, big and little, can help in many ways. On page 26 is a message they have written for all the readers of the Mickey Mouse Magazine. Which reminds me of a little verse one of my pals, Loris McLoud, sent in recently:

"Baby Chipmunk quick and bright
Helped Snow White with
all his might.
Which shows that even
small help's ample.
Why not follow his ex-
ample?"

THERE'S a treat in store for you when you turn the page. It's called "The Elephant Buys a Horse." I don't think this old elephant ever went to school, and if he did he certainly must have been asleep most of the time. But we're just as glad he was. Perhaps if he had kept his eyes open and been a little smarter we wouldn't have ever had this funny story to laugh over.

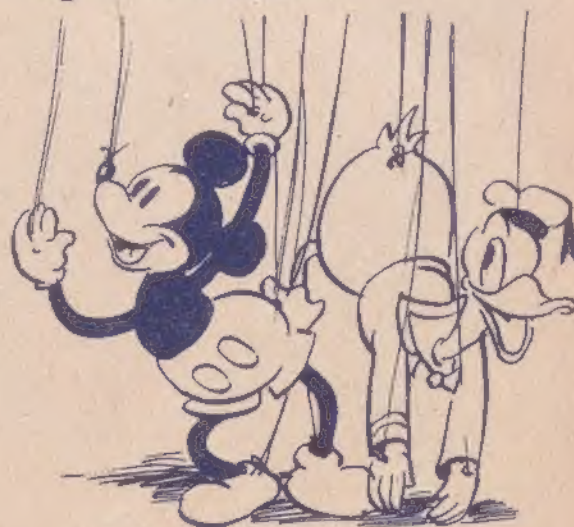


AND HERE at last is the rest of the "Topsy-Turvy Circus," that amusing story by Georges Duplaix which was begun last month. The poor Augustins were in a sorry plight when we left them. But somehow we couldn't feel so sorry about it. They looked so funny we couldn't help laughing at the whole business.



IT DOES look as though the magazine was all about animals this month. We hope you like them as much as we do. Certainly you can't help liking that little rosy pig in the *Farmyard Symphony* on page 22. In fact you must see more of him because these drawings are taken from Walt Disney's new picture, "Farmyard Symphony" which will be released very soon. Don't miss it. The rooster and the hens, the bull and the colts and calves and pigs all come to life, crowing, neighing, cheeping and clucking and squeaking in chorus all over the barnyard.

NEXT MONTH is Christmas! or should we say December which is just the same thing. And next month we are going to have a double spread of pictures from Walt Disney's production of "Ferdinand the Bull." If you have read Munro Leaf's entertaining story then you have an idea of what is in store for you. If you haven't, then you must take our word for it—we (the gang) think this is the best Christmas present we can send our pals all over the world from Hollywood! Don't forget—next month!



LOOK OUT for the grand marionette Play Contest in the next issue—the December Christmas Holiday Number. Thirty prizes to the total value of over \$400.00—

Everyone can enter—no fees—you just write a play and send it in with a coupon and the thirty best stories get the prizes. But you shall hear more about it in the next issue.

THE ELEPHANT BUYS A HORSE



ONCE there was an elephant who had a very hard time making a living.

He had a field of rice, and the field of rice was large and the plow was heavy and the sun was hot. So at times the elephant was quite discouraged. He would sit on the side of the field, spray his brow with his trunk and groan.

One day the crocodile, who was lying in a swamp near by, came to him and said, "Hello, Gustave"—this was the name of the elephant—"What is the matter with you? You look so unhappy."

"I am," said the elephant. "I am getting quite fed up with this job of plowing, plowing, plowing every day. I wish I could find someone to do the work for me."

"Well . . ." said the crocodile, "why don't you get a horse?"

"A horse?" asked the elephant.

"Yes, a horse."

"A horse?" said the elephant. "That's a funny idea! And what shall I do with a horse?"

"Well . . ." said the crocodile, "the horse will pull the plow for you and you won't have any work to do but walk behind and enjoy yourself."

"Marvelous!" said the elephant. "I *will* get myself a horse."

And he went home quite pleased.

He sat down and ate his dinner in silence and after dinner he lit a cigar and put his trunk on the table and put his chin on his trunk and started to think. And he thought and he thought for a long time without saying a word. His wife was getting quite worried—elephant wives don't like their husbands to think so much and she said to him:

"Gustave, what is it? Tell me! It's no fun to be married to you. I have been up all day cleaning this house, feeding the children, washing and ironing, cooking your dinner and here you come and don't say a word. I wish you'd tell me what is on your mind."

"Well," said the elephant sheepishly, "I want to buy a horse."

"A horse?" said his wife.

"Yes, a horse," said the elephant.

"A horse?" asked the wife, "what do you want to do with a horse?"

"To pull my plow," said the elephant. "I am sick and tired of working in this field like a slave and I want a horse to do the work for me."

"And where will you get the money?" asked the wife.

"I think we have enough in the bank," said the elephant. "Anyway my mind is made up. I am going to the fair tomorrow and buy myself a horse."

Mrs. Elephant had a good disposition. She was easier to convince than most elephant wives are.

"All right, Gustave," she said. "You know best and do just as you please."

SO THE next morning the elephant got up bright and early, shaved, put on his best clothes and went off to the fair. The sun was already hot and it was a long walk, so when the elephant got



to the town he was tired and thirsty.

"I think I'll have some refreshment," he thought.

And he walked into an inn kept by a baboon he had known for a long time.

"Well, well!" said the baboon, "if this is not Gustave, my old friend! It's certainly good to see you, old chap. Sit down. What will you have?"

"It's still early," said the elephant. "I would like a cup of coffee and some ham and eggs."

The baboon called a chimpanzee waitress and said to her:

"Hustle to the kitchen and get some breakfast for this gentleman."

Meanwhile the elephant sat down and said:

"Any news?"

"Nothing much," said the baboon.

"How's the market?"

"So-so . . . up and down . . . Are you a Bull or a Bear?"

"A bull or a bear?" replied the elephant. "What do you mean? I am an elephant!"

"Yes, I know, but I mean do you sell or do you buy?"

"Oh," said the elephant, "I buy . . . that is, I came here to buy."



"And what do you want to buy?"

"I want to buy a horse," said the elephant.

"A horse?" said the baboon.

"Yes, a horse," said the elephant, "to pull my plow."

"Ah!" said the baboon, "a little horse to pull the plow of the big elephant. That's a very sensible idea!"

"What about horses at the fair?" asked the elephant. "Are they very expensive?"

The baboon thought and said, "For a good horse I guess you'll have to pay about 250 rupees."

"250 rupees! ! !!" exclaimed the elephant.

"About."

"250 rupees!" sighed the elephant, "but that's a lot of money!"

"It is," said the baboon.

"But I haven't 250 rupees," said the elephant.

"That's too bad," said the baboon. "Then I suppose you'll have to do without a horse."

"But I need a horse. I must have a horse!"

"I don't see how you can," replied the baboon. "You can't buy a horse without money, can you?"

He thought a while, then slapping his forehead—

"Oh, I have an idea! . . . I have a magnificent idea! If you cannot buy a horse, I mean if it is too expensive, why don't you get some horse eggs and hatch them?"



(Editor's Note: Of course you know and I know that horses don't come out of eggs. You know and I know that little horses are brought by the stork just like you and me, but the elephant was a little bit simple and he didn't know that.)

So he said to the baboon:

"Horse eggs? . . . but how do you hatch horse eggs?"

"That's easy," said the baboon, "I'll explain to you. How much money have you?"

"I have 60 rupees," said the elephant.

"Well I tell you what I'll do for you. I bought six horse eggs for myself, but you're an old friend of mine and I'll split with you. You can have three of them for 60 rupees."

"20 rupees each?" said the elephant. "That's cheap enough."

So the baboon ran to the garden and picked up three big pumpkins. He put them in a sack and gave it to the elephant.

"Here are your eggs," he said.

"Thanks," said the elephant. "Now tell me how to hatch them?"

"Perfectly simple," said the baboon. "You take a large basket and fill it with straw and you put the eggs on the straw."

"Is that all?" asked the elephant.

"No! Then you have to sit on them for about a week. Ohh! I forgot . . . and during this week you must not talk and you must not eat and you must not get up!"

"Not at all?" moaned the elephant.

"Not at all! It is very very important. If you don't follow these instructions to the letter the



his wonderful bargain.

He was feeling so light and gay that he whistled all the way home.

When he got to his house his wife wasn't there. The elephant was a little bit disappointed because he wanted to show her what a good shopper he was. Three horses for 60 rupees! How proud of him she would be!

"Oh well," he said to himself, "she'll be back soon. Meantime I have things to do."

First he went to the kitchen.

"If I have to go without eating for a week," he thought, "I'd better get prepared for it."

So he ate a large dinner.

Then he went to the attic and brought down a big basket. He put it beside the fireplace, made a nice bed of straw in it and put the three pumpkins in the straw. Then he sat down on the eggs, with a blanket on his knees on account of the cold nights, and started to dream happily of his three little horses which were soon to be alive and running around.

After a while his wife came home. As soon as she was on the porch she started to call:

"Gust . . . a . . . a . . . ve!"

No answer.

"Gustave! . . . Gustave! . . . Are you here?"

No answer.

"Well, perhaps he isn't back yet," she said aloud. "Ah, when these elephants go to town!"

Then she walked into the kitchen and when she saw all the



"And, besides," said the baboon, "the breakfast is on the house!"

"My dear baboon, how can I thank you enough?" said the elephant. "You certainly are a friend."

"Don't mention it," said the baboon. "Wait here, I'll be right back."

eggs are going to be spoiled. So remember! Don't eat! Don't speak! Don't move off the eggs for a minute!"

"All right," said the elephant, "I won't."

He picked up the sack with his trunk, threw it onto his back and went home feeling quite proud of

dirty dishes on the table and the door of the icebox left open, she knew he was home.

"Where can he be," she said, calling all the time: "Gustave . . . Gustave . . . where are you?"

At last she came into the dining room and there was the elephant sitting on his basket with a blanket over his knees and looking perfectly contented.

"Well? . . ." said Mrs. Elephant, who couldn't believe her eyes. "What are you doing?"

No answer.

"Why are you sitting on that basket?"

No answer.

"Gustave! . . . what is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

No answer.

The elephant tried to make signs to her that he couldn't talk. He pointed to his mouth with his trunk and did the best pantomime he could but Mrs. Elephant couldn't make out what he meant.

"My poor husband has gone out of his mind," she cried.

She ran out for help and came back with the camel. They both tried to talk to the elephant. Then the wife of the rhinoceros

came in and a marabout and some ostriches and all the neighbors of the village. The room was full of animals talking, looking and poking each other, but no one could get a word out of the elephant.

Then the hippopotamus pushed in. He had a reputation for being very wise. The whole situation was explained to him and he said with a satisfied smile.

"Why it's easy . . . I'll make him talk all right."

He stood on his hind legs and gave Mrs. Elephant a nice big kiss on her cheek.

The elephant, who was very jealous of his wife, jumped up in a fury. He rushed to the hippopotamus, wrapped him in his trunk and threw him out of the window.

Then the elephant went back to his basket.

"Ah . . . look what you have done!" he said to his wife pulling his hair in despair.

"What have I done?" she said.

"Look . . . look! . . . you've spoiled my eggs!"

"Spoiled your what?" asked Mrs. Elephant anxiously.

"My eggs . . . the horse eggs I

bought at the fair. They cost me 60 rupees!"

"Ohhh!" said poor Mrs. Elephant. "I did not know that. I am sorry, Gustave."

"It's too late to be sorry!" roared the elephant in a rage. "I lose 60 rupees!"

He grabbed the three pumpkins and rushed madly out of the house.

His house was on the side of a hill. Still foaming and raging he took a pumpkin and threw it down the hill and the pumpkin rolled down and down and down into the river which was at the bottom of the hill.

He took the second pumpkin and threw it down the hill and the pumpkin rolled down and down the hill into the river.

He took the third pumpkin and threw it down the hill and the pumpkin rolled down and down and into a bush that was near by on the side of the hill.

In the bush was a hare.

Very much scared by the pumpkin, he darted out and started to run away as fast as he could.

The elephant saw him and thought he was a little horse hatched out of the egg.





PETER

THE FARM DETECTIVE

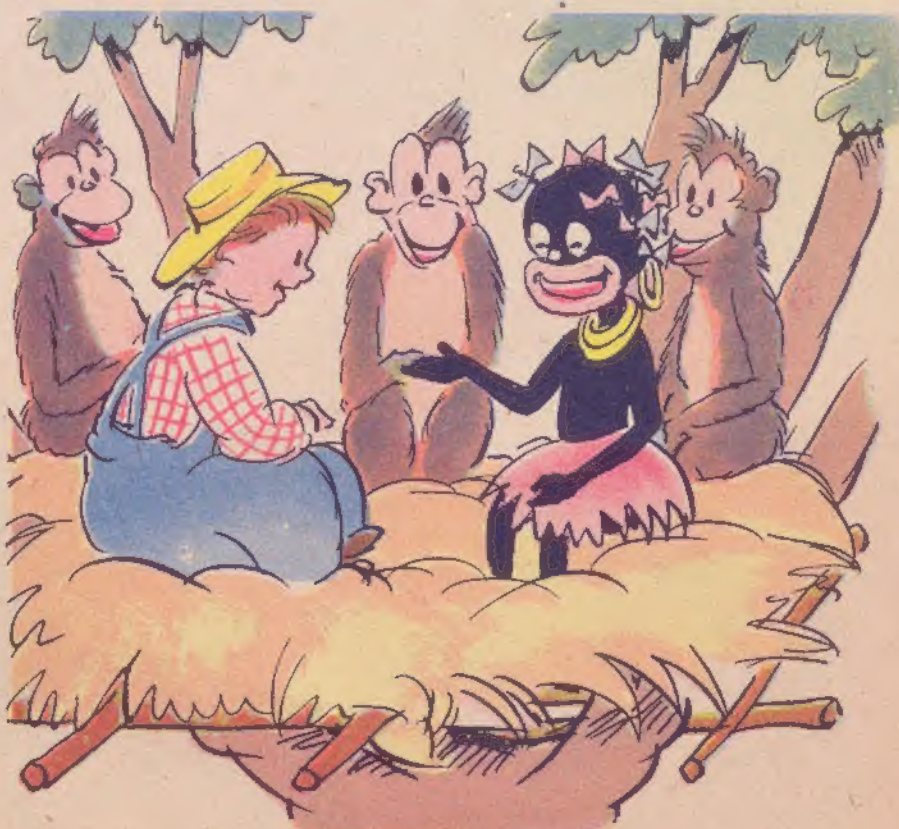
"IF ONLY the little Princess is still alive!" Peter said in despair—and immediately a great cackling and hulla-ballo arose from the monkeys.



They swung down to the ground and gathering around Peter they managed to pick him up and carry him to the foot of a tall tree. Then they set up such a chatter, pointing to the top of the tree, that it would have been difficult not to understand what they were trying to say.



"Well, here's hoping I won't meet another snake!" said Peter as he climbed up the tree after the big monkey. Almost to the top Peter stopped short. There, sitting on a bed of soft leaves, rubbing her sleepy eyes, was the little Princess!



She grinned at Peter with all her teeth and tried her best to tell him how she got there, but Peter couldn't understand what she was saying. "It's all wasted on me," he told her. "Save it for the King—and let's hurry." So they all set out together through the jungle.

Suddenly, as they neared a swamp, the monkeys began to shriek and make a frightful racket. So no one heard the lion approaching until the reeds parted and there he was! "Wha-hoo!" cried the soldiers and ran away.



The little Princess grabbed Peter's sleeve while he trembled in his shoes. Crouching low the lion gave a mighty roar and was about to spring at them, when suddenly a crocodile appeared above the muddy water and clamped its jaws on the lion's tail!



The lion roared again, but this time with pain, before he turned and bounded away, leaving his tail in the crocodile's mouth. High up in the trees, the monkeys hurled coconuts after him until he was out of sight.



"Well! It's my old friend the crocodile," exclaimed Peter, feeling very happy indeed that he should show up just then. The crocodile smiled and rolled his eyes as much as to say "One good turn deserves another!"

To be continued



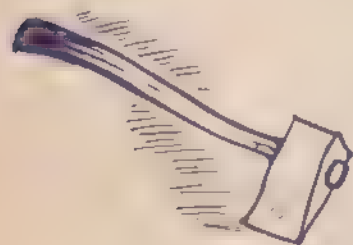
Cast of Characters

LITTLE GRAY MAN a fairy in disguise
 FIRST YOUNG MAN Peter's brother
 SECOND YOUNG MAN Peter's other brother
 PETER

MARGARET }
 ELEANOR } three sisters
 GRETCHEL }

KING QUEEN PRINCESS COURTIER MAN VILLAGERS

Scenes



SCENE I A forest
 SCENE II Outside the curtain
 SCENE III A village square



SCENE I

SCENE: *A forest. As the curtains open a little old gray man is sitting on a stump, humming gaily. Suddenly he stops, stands up, peers into the distance, and chuckles.*

GRAY MAN: Here's the first. *(He sits down and looks very mournful as a young man carrying an axe and basket appears.)* Good morning, young man.

YOUNG MAN: Good morning, gray beard.

GRAY MAN: I see by the axe that you are a woodcutter and by the basket that you are planning to lunch.

YOUNG MAN: That's right, gray beard.

GRAY MAN: I am hungry and thirsty and tired. I have traveled many a weary mile. Would you give an old man some cake from your basket and some wine from your bottle?

YOUNG MAN: What do you take me for—my simpleton brother? If I gave you any of my lunch, there would be less for me. So be gone. *(He goes off into the forest. The gray man sits down again and begins humming gaily. There is a loud crash and a shriek. The young man reappears stroking his arm.)*

GRAY MAN: What's the matter?

YOUNG MAN: I hurt my arm. *(Angrily)* One would almost think it was your fault, you're so glad about it. *(He stamps off.)*

GRAY MAN: Now isn't that a pity, and he's forgotten his food basket, too. *(He rises and gets the basket. He opens it and eats the contents and is about to finish the bottle, when he stands up and looks into the distance.)* It's the second. *(He hastily hides the food behind the stump and resumes his*



mournful pose, as another young man enters.)

GRAY MAN: Good morning, youth.

YOUNG MAN: Good morning, old man.

GRAY MAN: I see by the axe that you are a woodcutter, and by the basket that you are planning to lunch.

YOUNG MAN: Good guess, old man.

GRAY MAN: I am hungry and thirsty and tired. I have traveled many a weary mile. Would you give an old man some cake from your basket and some wine from your bottle?

YOUNG MAN: Do you mistake me for my simpleton brother? I shall want all this for myself. So be off and don't bother me. *(He goes off. The gray man chuckles. Soon there is a crash and a shriek, and the young man reappears limping.)*

GRAY MAN: What's the matter?

YOUNG MAN: *(Angrily)* I hit myself, stupid! You seem to enjoy my misery so much one would think that you had caused it! *(He stamps off.)*

GRAY MAN: Now isn't that a pity, and he's forgotten his lunch. *(He rises and gets the basket, opens it, and eats the food. He is about to drink from the bottle, when he gets up and stares into the distance.)* Ha, the third. *(He hastily hides the food and resumes his dejected pose on the stump, as a third young man enters. He carries a smaller basket than the other two and is not as well dressed.)* Good morning, son.

PETER: Good morning, sir.

GRAY MAN: I see by the axe that you are a woodcutter, and by the basket that you are planning to lunch.

PETER: That's right, sir.

GRAY MAN: I am hungry and thirsty and tired. I have traveled many a weary mile. Would you give me some cake from your basket and some wine from your bottle?

PETER: Gladly, except all I have is dry bread and sour beer, but come let's sit down and share it. *(He sits down and opens the basket.)* Why, it's cake! *(He opens the bottle.)* And it's wine! That's funny! But here, help yourself. *(The two men eat.)*

GRAY MAN: How does it happen that you are a woodcutter?

PETER: I'm not really, but my two brothers were injured in the forest this morning, so



someone had to chop the wood.

GRAY MAN: What are your brothers like?

PETER: They're very clever. I'm a simpleton or so they say.

GRAY MAN: Why?

PETER: Well, you see if anybody asks me for anything that I have, I give it to them, and so my brothers say I will never be a success.

GRAY MAN: They must be very clever!

PETER: They're going to win the princess' hand tomorrow.

GRAY MAN: Oh.

PETER: It seems that the princess is very sad and has never laughed, and the king says that anyone who can make her laugh may have her hand in marriage.

GRAY MAN: And your brothers will win her?

PETER: O yes, they're very clever. Well, come, I can't sit here all day, I must get on to my work. Good day, sir. *(He rises to go.)*

GRAY MAN: No, wait, not so fast. Be sure you chop the biggest tree, which stands close by. You will know it by the ivy that grows up its trunk. *(Peter goes. There is a loud crash, then a shout. The gray man chuckles and runs off. Peter comes in carrying a golden goose.)*

PETER: Look what I found when I cut the— He seems to have disappeared. I guess I'd better find him and return this to him. He might want it. It might be valuable for all I know. *(He goes off.)*

CURTAIN

Continued on page 24



TOPSY TURVY CIRCUS

By GEORGES DUPLAIX

Author of "Pee-gloo," "Gaston and Josephine," etc.

MONSIEUR AUGUSTIN and his wife were the happy owners of a little French circus. Their lovely daughter, Caroline, was a bare-back rider, and Rosalie, the giraffe, was their special friend. One day something very exciting happened—Babylas, the crocodile, escaped from his cage. As the Augustins passed by he rushed at them and with one blow of his mighty tail thrust them into his cage and quickly locked the door. Rosalie secretly brought them food but was unable to set

them free. At the next show Babylas had decided that the Augustins should perform.

THE leader of the band raised his baton—the drums began to roll . . . and slowly the Augustins' cage was pushed into the ring.

The audience, of course, thought it was all part of the show and found it very funny. Especially when they saw the sea lion holding a whip and teaching the Augustins to balance an enormous ball on the tips of their noses.

Then Monsieur Augustin was put in a large cage with the lion Brutus. But this time it was the lion tamer's turn to be tamed and to open his mouth wide while the lion put his head inside.

And Monsieur Augustin didn't like it at all—first, because the lion's whiskers scratched his tongue. Besides he had to open his mouth so wide that he almost dislocated his jaw.

After their act the Augustins were again put in their cage and locked up as they

were before. Poor Augustins! They were so unhappy.

Their only cheerful moment was at nighttime when everyone was asleep and their friend the giraffe came to bring them food. They would have starved to death if it had not been for Rosalie.

One day the giraffe came, quite excited, to tell them the news. The animals had decided to go to another town.

"Will we go too?" asked Madame Augustin.

"Yes," said Rosalie. "But who knows—perhaps you'll escape on the way!"

"But how?" asked Made-moiselle Caroline.

"Never you mind," said Rosalie mysteriously, "I have



an idea. Leave it to me."

It did not take the animals very long to knock down the circus and pack the trucks.

Soon everything was ready.

"En route!" cried the crocodile giving the signal to start.

Continued on page 18



The procession rolled along the highway



Wise

Aunt: What are you going to give your little brother for a birthday present this year, Johnnie?
Johnnie: (perplexed) I don't know Auntie—I gave him the measles last year!

*Morton Kolleeny,
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"Do you know what an island is?" "Sure," said Jimmy, "a little piece of land going out for a swim."

*Lois Smith,
Tum Tum, Wash.
Age 10*

Billy had a hard time pronouncing his "R's." The teacher gave him this sentence: Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare. A few days later she told him to repeat the sentence. He said Bob gave Dick a poke in the side for not cooking the bunny enough.

*Jack Murray,
Malta, Montana*



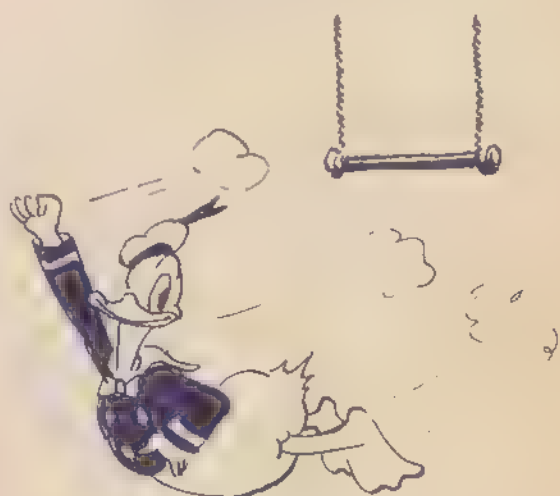
First Scout: That's a good joke, why don't you send it to the MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE?

Second Scout: Can't.

First Scout: Why not?

Second Scout: That's where I saw it.

*James Harrah,
605 North Frost St.
Pampa, Texas*



There was a magician who had three men prisoners. He told them if they could tell him to do something that he could not do he would set them free. One man said, "Move that mountain." The magician did it. The second man said, "Move that river." The magician did. Then the third man blew a few notes on his harmonica and said, "Catch that tune and paint it green."

*John McGinnis,
Watsonville, Calif.
Age 11*



John: Do you know why a chicken lays an egg?

Peter: If she threw it she would break it.

*Joe Boylan,
Webster City, Ia.*

Oh, he flew through the air,
With the greatest of ease,
But the joke was on him,
He forgot his trapeze.

*Bruce Terrell,
Mono. Co. Calif.
Age 11*

Judge: You can take your choice—ten dollars or ten days.

Prisoner: I'll take the money, your honor.

*Richard Blok,
New York, N. Y.
Age 13*



Drawing by Rolf Manfred Augustin, New York, N. Y., Age 6 1-2

Quacks

Edited by
DONALD DUCK

Lady (to conductor): Where is the next train to Chicago?

Conductor: Turn left and you'll be right.

Lady: Don't be saucy, young man.

Conductor: All right then, turn right and you'll be left.

*Thomas Carr,
Valley Stream, L. I.
New York
Age 9*



Teacher: Now if there were five flies on a table and I killed one, how many would be left?

Jim: One dead one, sir.

*Robert Leifield,
St. Louis, Mo.*

Man coming to another man says: "What's the trouble?"

Other man says: "Have you seen a lady without her husband who looks like me?"

*Tessie Szpurek,
Kirkland Lake,
Ontario, Canada*

Landlady: So Mr. Newboarder has found something fresh to complain about.

Maid: No, ma'am, it's the eggs.

*Teddie Martinson,
Marysville, Calif.*

An oyster met an oyster and that made oysters two.

Two oysters met two oysters and that made oysters too.

Four oysters and a pint of milk and that made oyster stew.

*Danny Dahl,
Clifton, N. J.*

Tommy: "Mother, you know that 82 piece dinner set you got for Christmas."

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Tommy: "Well, it's a 78 piece set now."

*Lorraine Juras,
Dundalk, Md.
Age 9*

Sonny: Mother, may I tell you something?

Mother: Wait till you are done eating your supper.

Sonny: May I tell you now?

Mother: Yes.

Sonny: The water in the bathtub is running over.

*Marian Paster,
Columbus, Ohio
Age 11*



A man stepped into a department store and stopped at the house-furnishing department. "I want to buy a mouse trap, and please hurry because I want to catch a bus."

The clerk looked puzzled and said, "I'm sorry, but the traps we have are for catching mice."

*Marjorie Merwin,
Newburgh, N. Y.
Age 9*



Sign in a feed store window. "For Sale, 100 year old chickens."

*Rea Rice,
South Pasadena, Calif.
Age 11*

Pat and Mike were driving along when they saw a sign that read, "Buy your stove at Jones's and save half your coal."

"By golly," said Pat. "I'll buy two stoves and save all my coal."

*Peter A. Nielsen,
Winnetka, Ill.
Age 11*

Husband: This dessert is not much of a success.

Young Wife: I can't understand it. The recipe said to beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, and I'm so stiff I can't move.

*Rita Dernbach,
Chicago, Ill.
Age 12*

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.



TOPSY TURVY CIRCUS

Continued from page 15

And the procession began to move and was soon rolling along the highway with Babylas at the head and the Augustins in their cage at the rear.

Rosalie trotted beside the tractor and with a knowing little smile glanced at the crocodile who was at the wheel. Suddenly the motor coughed and sputtered and sparks shot out from under the hood.

"Hey! What are all the fireworks about!" exclaimed the crocodile, who had no idea that Rosalie had put water in the gas when he wasn't looking.

"Pif . . . puf . . . pouf!" went the motor and the tractor stopped—so suddenly that the trucks bumped into one another and the whole circus almost went over the precipice

on the side of the road.

What a scare!

Fortunately no one was hurt except the elephant and the rhinoceros, who nearly broke his tusk. They were sitting on the roof of a wagon and the collision threw them up into the air and landed them in a ditch.

As soon as the animals



The collision threw them up into the air

caught their breath they all ran to see what was wrong. They lifted the hood, examined the motor, looked into everything—even under the tractor. Each one gave his opinion, but in the end they were all up a tree.

"My! My! What now?" said Babylas sheepishly scratching his head.

"Hum! . . ." ventured a timid voice.

It was the giraffe.

"We might ask Monsieur Augustin to help us," she said. "He is a good mechanic, you know. He knows all about fixing cars."

"That's true. It's a great idea," said the elephant, who had a painful bump on his head and was very much annoyed with Babylas.

"You're no good as a chauffeur!" he said to the crocodile. "We're lucky you didn't kill us all! Every man to his trade! You are a crocodile and Monsieur Augustin is a circus man. Now, I am going to let him out of his cage!"

"Hurrray!" cried the other animals who all thought the crocodile a very bad driver.

They rushed toward the prisoner's cage.

"You are free! free at last!" cried Rosalie who was ahead of everyone else. "Oh! I'm so happy!"

"Yes, you're free," groaned the rhinoceros holding his tusk. "Take your old tractor and see what you can do!"



"I'll do the best I can," said Monsieur Augustin without malice. "Don't worry, I think that I can fix it."

After all, he had not always been very good to the animals and he had decided that if ever he were free again he would treat them with more kindness.

While he was busy putting gas into the tractor tank Madame Augustin and her daughter made a big fuss over Rosalie who smiled and lowered her eyes modestly.

"We'll never forget what you did for us, my little Rosalie," said Madame Augustin.

"And for your birthday," added Mademoiselle Caroline, "I shall give you a beautiful hat with real flowers."

In no time Monsieur Augustin had the motor running and they set out again along the road. But this time, Monsieur Augustin was at the wheel and the *Cirque Mir-*

liflor arrived without mishap at the next village and made a sensational entrance.

All the people came to see the parade.

"Bravo! Bravo!" they shouted waving their hats.

The animals were overwhelmed by such a welcome. They bowed right and left and the hippopotamus, who thought he was graceful, sent kisses to the crowd.

When they reached the circus grounds, without losing a minute they set up the big tent while the bear, the monkeys and the kangaroo went around the town with signs and bills announcing the show for the next day.

By nightfall all was ready.

The *Cirque Mirliflor* and the people of the town went happily to sleep. Monsieur and Madame Augustin were glad to be in their beds again. They wished each other good night and were soon peacefully snoring.

Meanwhile Rosalie dreamed of her beautiful new hat.



Rosalie dreamed of her beautiful new hat



MICKEY MOUSE

Came to our house
And had some tea.
By the old apple tree.

*Lila Thorsen,
Well, Vermont
Age 9*

OSCAR A GOOD OCTOPUS

Once upon a time at the bottom of the sea there lived a family of octopuses. The names, Bob, Mary, Joe, Butch, Harry, Jim, and Oscar. Half a league away lived a horrid whale named Walter. Now Walter was a bad whale—always in trouble. One day Butch and Mary were out in a beautiful spring morning picking seaweed. Along came Walter and ate them for breakfast. When the rest of the family heard this they went to war against Walter. Walter ate every one except Oscar who was too little to go, but Oscar stayed away from his home and made spinach out of seaweed and got to be big and strong and went to war with Walter and grabbed him in a vicious toe hold, wrapped two legs around Walter's

throat and gave him a left upper cut to the jaw. Finally Oscar pulled one of Walter's teeth and stabbed him. The battle was over, Oscar the winner. Walter's body floated to the surface and a whaling boat made some oil for lamps and perfume out of him. Oscar lived happily after marrying an Octopus named Betty.

*Richard Edward Miller,
Honolulu, T. H.
Age 11*



*Louise Cowan
Gardners, Pa.
Age 9*

I have a little doggie
She runs and plays with me
She barks and growls at robins
And makes the cats climb trees.

*Patsy Huston,
Manitou, Colo.
Age 7*

Don't forget to send in your contribution to Your Page—a story, a verse, or a drawing about something you've seen or done. Please make your drawings in black ink on plain white paper, and remember!—all contributions must be original, and your name, address, and age should appear at the bottom of the page.

I lost a pretty penny
And lost a little purse,
I lost them both on Thursday,
And don't know which is worse,
To lose a pretty penny
Or to lose a little purse.

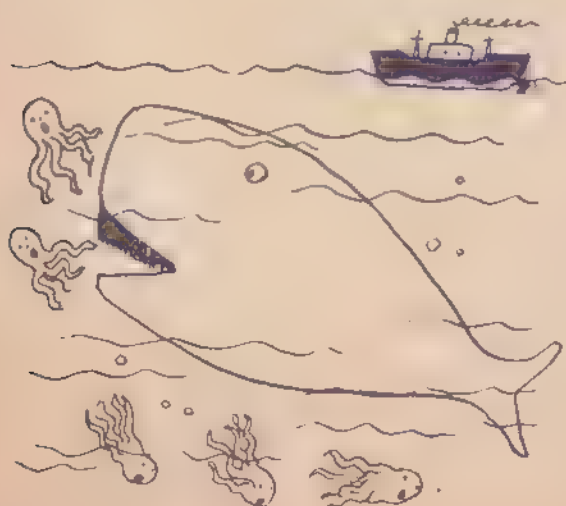
*Edith Sisson,
Binghamton, N. Y.
Age 10*

I am glad you are so spry
I would bake you into a pie,
But I am afraid you won't fry
Because you are such a tough guy,
It really makes me sigh
So Good-bye
And never tell a lie
So you will never die
But away you will fly
Right straight to the sky
Up good and high.

*John Archie,
Wauwatosa, Wis.
Age 7*



*Buck S. West
Del Rio, Texas
Age 11*



STAR PARADE



BY DOROTHY BENNETT,
ASSISTANT CURATOR,
HAYDEN PLANETARIUM

ON NOVEMBER evenings there are many familiar animals and people in the sky. There is Cetus the Whale in the south, Taurus the Bull in the east, Cygnus the Swan in the west, and Perseus, Cassiopeia and Cepheus around the north.

Nearly all the names of the star pictures are in Latin. Almost no one speaks that language today, but many people all over the world can read it. Although the French, English, Germans, Chinese and other people each have a different name for whale, they can all recognize Cetus as the whale in the sky.

Even though the constellations have Latin names, many of the people they represent were Greek! Stranger still—many of the bright stars were named by the Arabs. The eye of Taurus, the Bull, they called Aldebaran. That means “follower” and he always follows after the Pleiades in the bull’s shoulder.

So the sky is a patchwork quilt with pieces in it from many countries. It is rather fun to examine the pieces and to see how many different people have helped to decorate the sky.





"COCKLE-DOODLE-DOO! Cockle-doodle-doooo!" bugled the rooster from his high perch. "Day is dawning! Wake up!"

Immediately the doves flew out of their house, flapping their wings and cooing softly, "whrr . . . whrr . . . whrrr!"

The old bull scratched his back against a fence and bellowed so loudly that all the sleepy-heads on the farm began to nod and yawn and stretch, swishing their tails:

"Hee-haw . . . hee-haw!"

"Baa-aaaaa!"

"Moooo-OOOO!"



"KONK . . . kkonk . . . kkknk!" grunted the litter of baby pigs nuzzling close against the fat old sow for breakfast. They buried their heads so deep that all you could see was a row of curly-kew tails pointing toward their hungry little brother left out in the cold. He sat on his curly tail and bawled. And that made him hungrier than ever. Then he spied the cow with only one little calf to feed so he hurried over. But the little calf didn't want company and he "baaaed" so loudly right in the little pig's face that it scared him away.

Poor little pig!



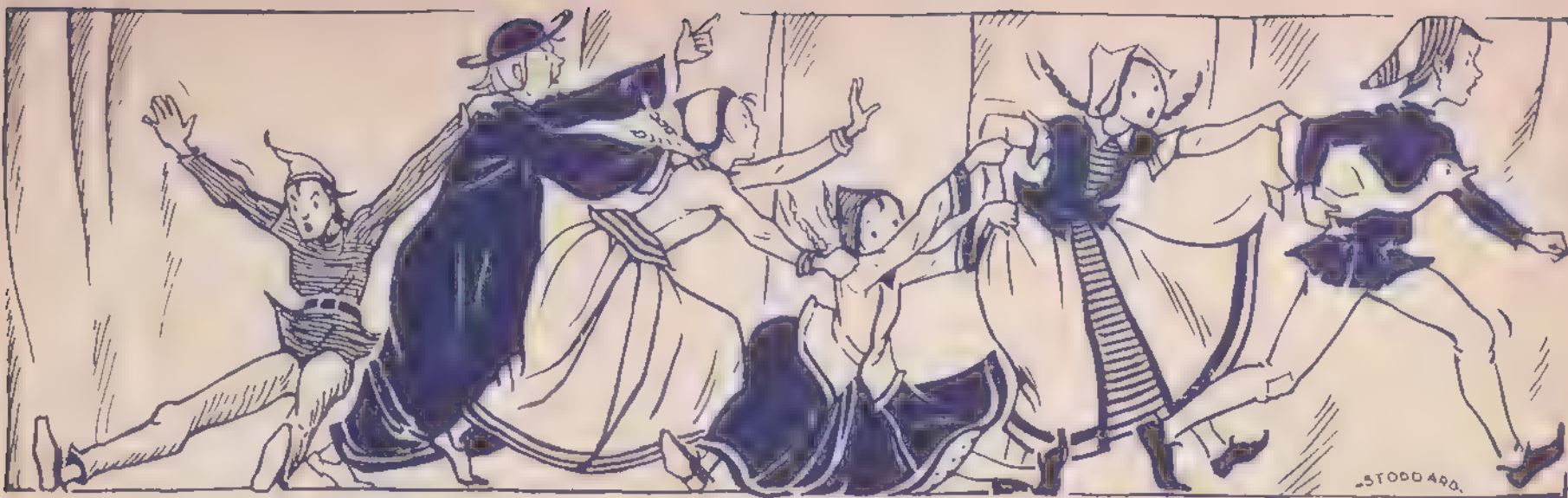
OVER BY the hen-house the hens and their fluffy little chicks were busy eating nice warm mush from a pan. Ummmmm! it smelled good to the little pig and he jumped right into the middle of the dish and began to eat.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck . . . cu-dahhhhh!"

The bad-tempered hens flapped their wings wildly and pecked the intruder with their sharp beaks. Such a rumpus you never heard. The little pig was frightened to death and ran and ran and didn't stop. He squealed at the top of his lungs too. Dashing under the corncrib he slid against the stick which propped the door shut and out poured a shower of corn.

Two pointed ears and two startled eyes peeped out above the mountain of corn. Here was breakfast at last and what a feast! And every bit of it for one little rosy pig.





THE LITTLE GRAY MAN

Continued from page 13

SCENE II

SCENE: Before the curtain, Peter enters from the side, he yawns.

PETER: I've looked and looked for you, little old gray man, and I, myself, have traveled many a weary mile, all night in fact, and now I'm sleepy, so I think I'll sleep. This goose can't be so all important that it can't wait a little longer. *(He lies down, with the goose under one arm, and falls asleep as two girls enter from the other side.)*

MARGARET: Look, Eleanor, a peasant sleeping. Let's see what he looks like. *(They go over to Peter.)*

ELEANOR: Look, Margaret, he has a golden goose under his arm!

MARGARET: Shh! Let's take it, he's asleep and will never know the difference. *(She leans forward and pulls at the goose.)*

ELEANOR: Don't be a pig. Let me get hold of it. *(She leans forward and tugs at her sister.)*

MARGARET: Let go of me, you fool, or we'll never get it.



ELEANOR: I can't, I seem to be stuck to you. *(Peter sighs in his sleep.)* Let go of the goose, he's waking up.

MARGARET: I can't, the thing is stuck to me. *(A third young girl appears on the other side.)*

MARGARET AND ELEANOR: Stay away, Gretchel,

stay away! Don't come near us!

GRETCHEL: Why should I? *(She walks over to Eleanor, puts her hand on Eleanor's shoulder and peers over it.)* Oh, a golden goose! Why didn't you tell me?

ELEANOR: Pull us away. I'm stuck to Margaret, and she's stuck to the goose.

GRETCHEL: I'm stuck to you—how can I? *(A parson appears on the other side of stage.)*

THE PARSON: Shame on you, bold-faced creatures, go back to your duties. The idea of staring at a man that way! *(He takes hold of Gretchel to pull her away.)* Let go, I say, and go back to your duties. *(Another man appears.)*

THE MAN: For shame, parson, and you due at a christening!

THE PARSON: *(Angrily)* I can't help it, I tell you I'm stuck.

THE MAN: *(Mockingly)* Stuck to what, pray? Well, I'll see if I can't help you. *(He pulls at the parson's coat.)* Blast! I'm stuck too. Let me go.

THE PARSON: I would, if I could, but you see I can't.

GRETCHEL: Let me go!

ELEANOR: I'm stuck!

MARGARET: If only I could get free of this!

(All together.)

PETER: *(Stirs and sits up.)* I wish you people would go away, I'm trying to sleep!

EVERYONE: We can't, we're stuck!

PETER: *(Getting up)* If you're going to make so much noise that I can't sleep here, I'll go somewhere else. *(He rises, and shifts the goose to the other arm. As he does so the whole line has to shift.)* Go away, I tell you.

EVERYONE: Let us go.
We're stuck.

Set us free.

We can't.

PETER: Stop yelling all at once, I can't hear a word you say. *(He crosses to the other side of the stage. The line follows him.)* And stop following me. *(He walks faster and the line walks faster.)* Go away. *(He runs and the rest of the line have to run too.)* Oh do stop following me! And do go away. *(They all go off after him running.)*

CURTAIN



SCENE III

SCENE: The court is assembled in a village square. The woeful princess is seated between the king and the queen. There are courtiers and villagers all around. Peter's elder brother is standing before the princess making funny faces. The crowd is laughing. The queen turns to the silent princess.

THE QUEEN: Don't you think he's funny, dear?

PRINCESS: *(Woefully)* No, I don't.

THE KING: O, dear. Next! *(Peter's other*

brother steps forward. He tries to stand on his head and falls over clumsily. The crowd laughs.)

THE QUEEN: Surely you think he's funny!

PRINCESS: *(Woefully)* No, I don't.

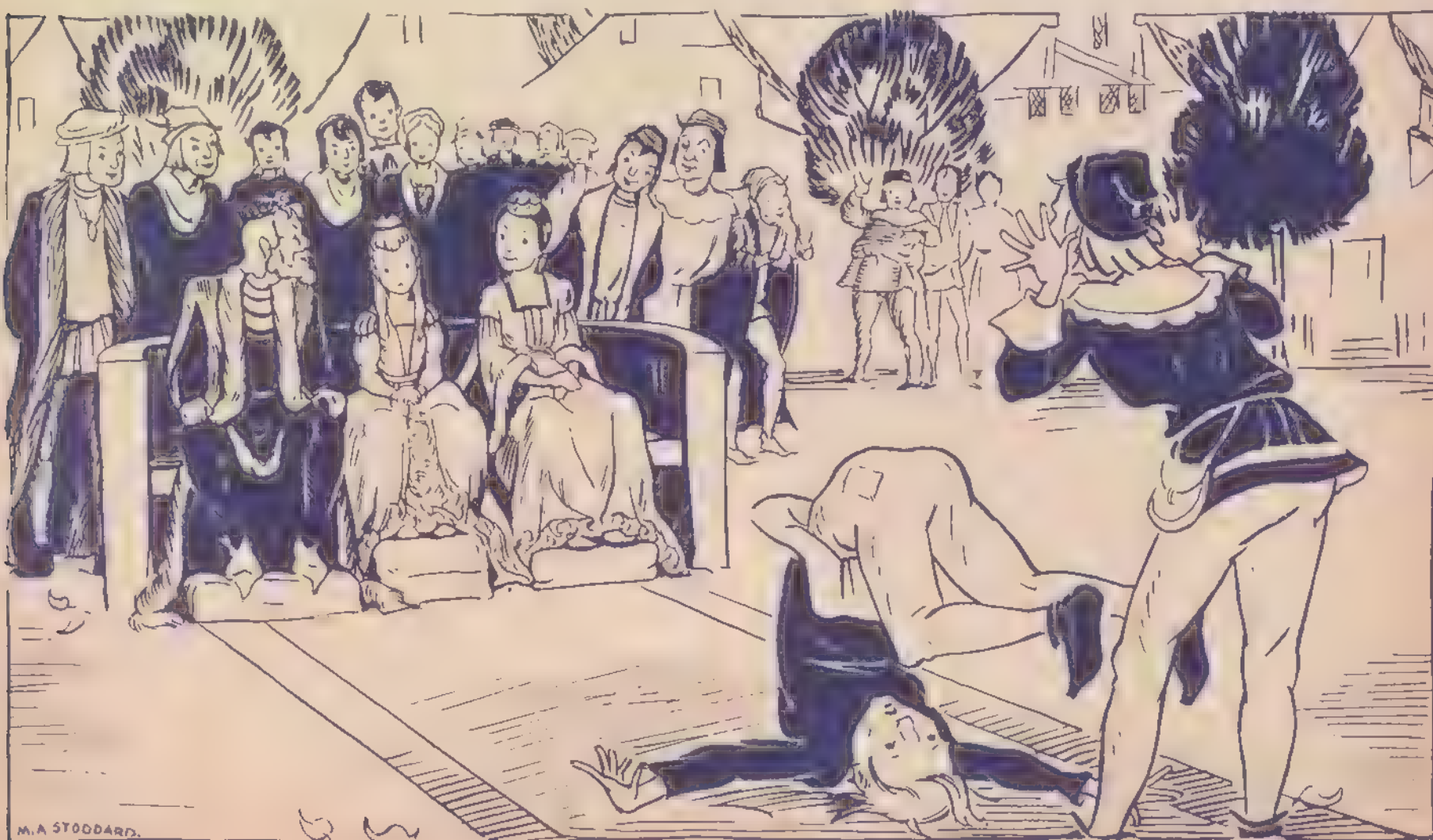
THE KING: *(Sadly)* He was our best hope. *(There is a loud outburst off stage. Peter's voice can be heard above the clamor.)*

PETER: Go away, I tell you! Go away. I want to sleep. Stop following me! *(Peter enters followed closely by the other five. He kneels before the king, and the whole line topples forward. The crowd laughs.)*

PETER: Stop laughing. O most merciful king, free me from these people. They have followed me everywhere I've been. *(The crowd laughs. He gets up and the other five have to get up. He wheels around to face the crowd and the whole line has to wheel around.)* Stop laughing! *(He turns to the princess.)* You won't laugh, will you? *(She smiles.)* Please, don't laugh, it isn't at all funny. Really, it isn't. I'm only trying to return this goose to its owner. *(He holds out the goose, and the whole line topples forward.)* O, go away you fools, and let me alone. *(The crowd laughs.)*

THE KING: Hush! The princess! *(There is*

Continued on page 28



M. A. STODARD.



ACCIDENTS can and should be avoided. They are almost always due to carelessness. Now and then, however, an innocent bystander is involved in a mishap through no fault of his own, but because of the carelessness of someone else.

It is for such occasions that the American Red Cross has been teaching first aid to the injured for the past 28 years. Out-door life and sports have been getting more popular each year and there is no question but that many a boy and girl on hikes, in camp, at play or occupied in some other way, probably owe their straight limbs, perhaps even their very lives, to the competent first aid that was given by their fellows at the time of accident.

Some years ago a troop of Boy Scouts was visiting Glacier National Park. They were hiking along a narrow mountain trail

when one of the lads stepped on a loose stone and fell from the trail onto some rocks about ten or fifteen feet below. When his buddies got to him they found one of his legs had been broken.

Although these Scouts were young fellows, from 12 to 14 years old, they had all been trained in first aid. They knew what to do, how to apply a splint and bandage the leg. They knew, too, that great care had to be exercised in moving the injured boy, and they exercised that care. Within a short while they had rigged up a temporary stretcher and then began the trek of 14 miles back to where services of a competent doctor were available.

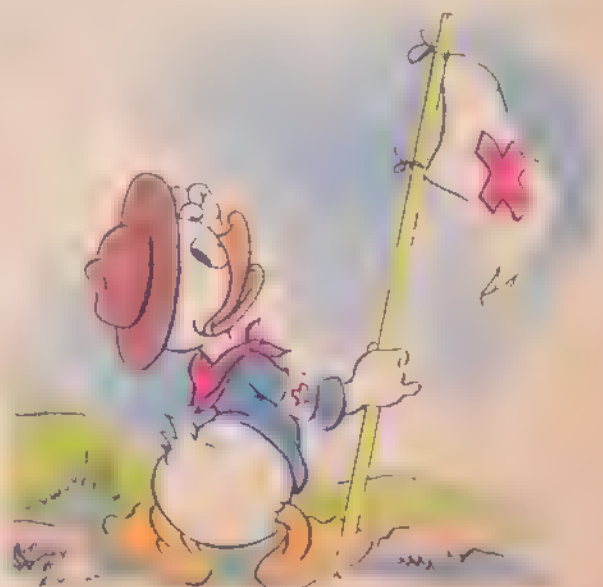
Red Cross chapters throughout the country offer lessons in first aid. Classes composed of boys and girls who have completed the sixth grade in school or who have reached the age of twelve years are given a special course, while for older persons there are longer and more involved courses. Classes in life saving, water safety and swimming are also given by Red Cross chapters. These courses are all free.

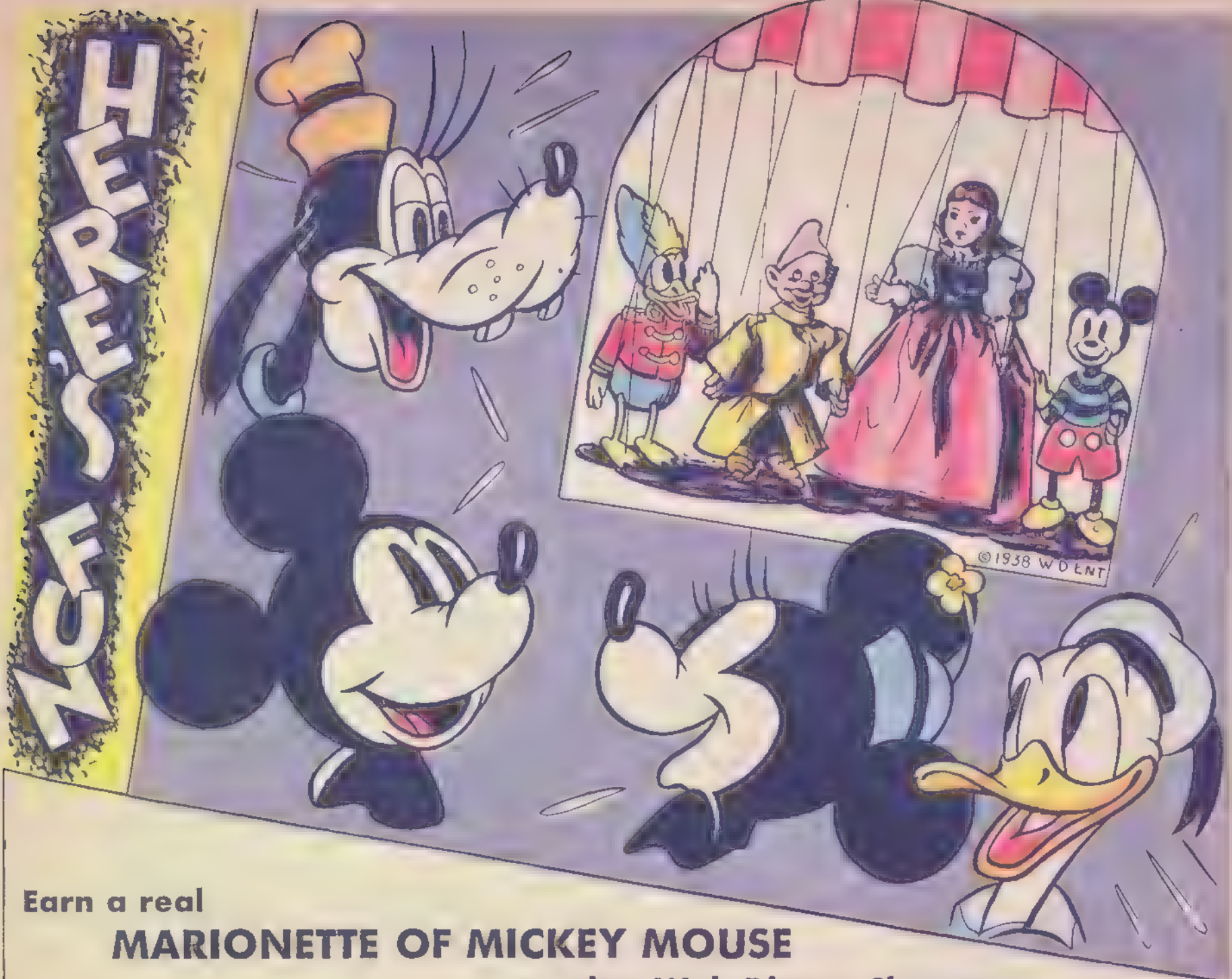
Since first aid teaching was begun in 1910, more than 1,700,000 boys and girls and men and women have been taught. Almost 1,000,000 have qualified as junior or senior Red Cross life savers and another million have taken

swimming lessons.

The Junior Red Cross, made up of young folks in grade schools, junior and senior high schools, has more than 8,000,000 members. These boys and girls do much to aid the Red Cross in its work. They help in accident prevention, they make covers for books that are to be given to blind children at Christmas time, they send letters and albums with drawings and pictures to Junior Red Cross members in other countries and in return receive similar albums descriptive of the life and customs of these foreign countries.

The annual Red Cross Roll Call, at which time everyone is asked to join the organization and help carry on its work, begins Armistice Day and ends Thanksgiving. Grown-ups join their local chapters as individuals, while young people join the Junior Red Cross through their schools.





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MAIL To MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. (Marionettes)

THE LITTLE GRAY MAN

Continued from page 25

silence and in the silence the princess can be heard laughing gaily! The king steps forward to Peter.)

THE KING: What is your name?

PETER: Peter, the simple (Laughter.)

THE KING: Peter, the clever, you have fairly won my daughter's hand. Take her—she is yours. (He leads the princess to Peter.)

PETER: Just a moment. I can't be bothered with a princess now. (Loud laughter) I have to find a little old gray man. Ah, there he is! (He goes up to the little old gray man

who has been standing in the crowd.) Here is your goose, sir, and a lot of trouble it has caused me! (He hands the goose over to the gray man, and the five people in the line are freed. The gray man chuckles.) Are you going to laugh, too?

GRAY MAN: What seems not funny, often is, What clever seems, visa viz, But this remember any way Kindness always wins the day.

PETER: (Scratches his head and turns to the princess.) Now what do you suppose he meant by that? (The curtains close. The princess is still laughing.)

CURTAIN



FIND THE SPARE PARTS

This motor-car looks all right, but before it had certain spare parts added to it, it was just an "old wreck." See if you can find these parts by taking the initial letter of each object and reading downward in each column. Then try it on your chum!

(SOLUTION ON PAGE 33)



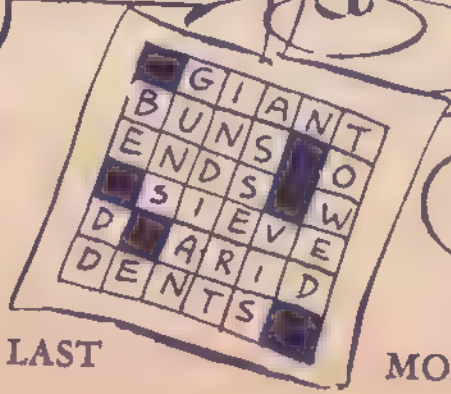
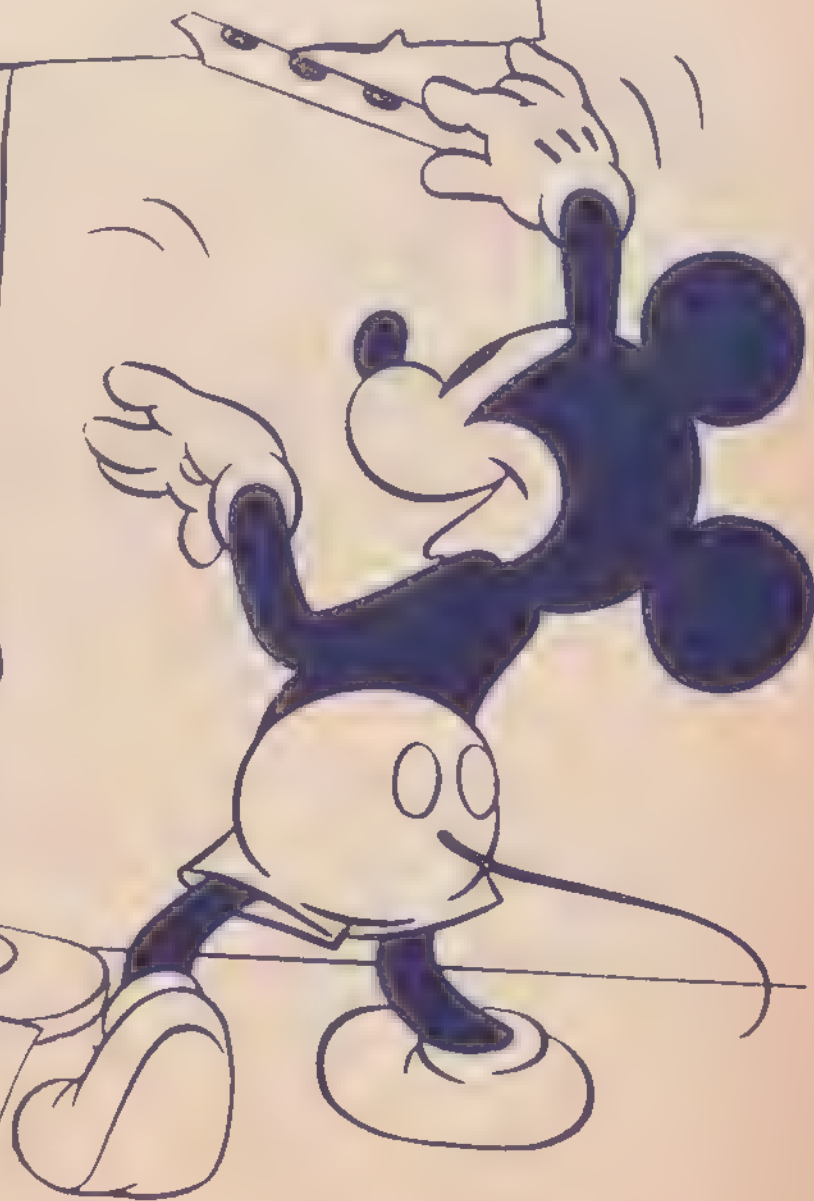
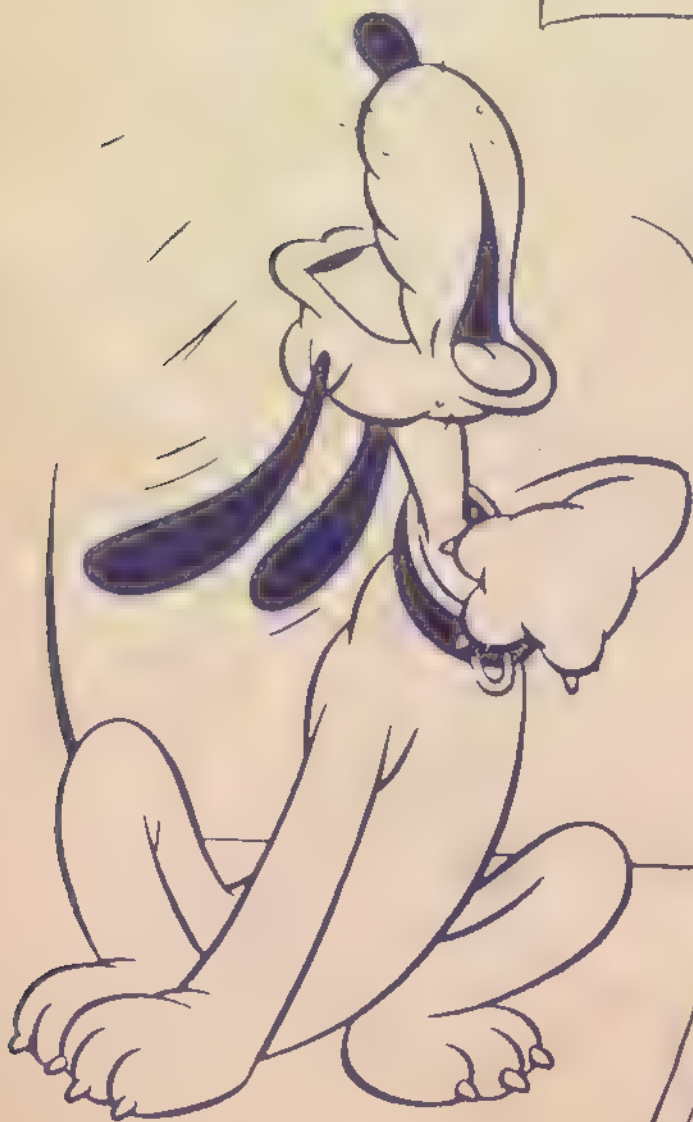
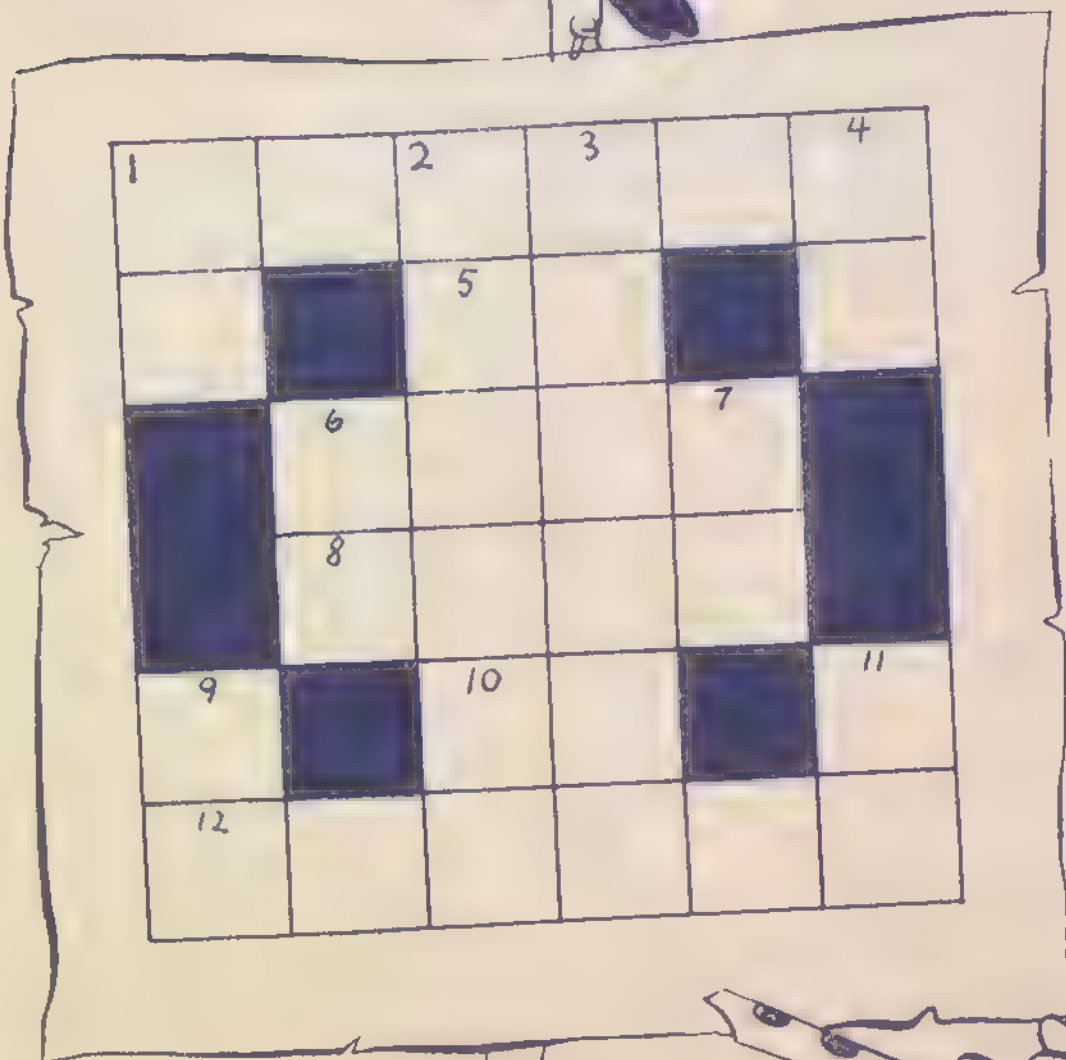


ACROSS

1. Person deciding disputes in games
5. Adjective
6. Of old; formerly
8. Snatch
10. Preposition
12. Be present

DOWN

1. Go higher
2. The bird above
3. Mad; senseless
4. Expression of inquiry
6. For example (abbr.)
7. Too Bad (abbr.)
9. Nickname for Mother
11. Advertisement (abbr.)



SOLUTION TO LAST

MONTH'S PUZZLE

BOOK
OF



THE
MONTH

THE STREAMLINED PIG

By Margaret Wise Brown

WHAT COULD be more fitting in this "animal issue" of the *Mickey Mouse Magazine* than to review THE STREAMLINED PIG?

It isn't a new kind of pig, as you may suppose. But like so many things nowadays this little pig was modernized

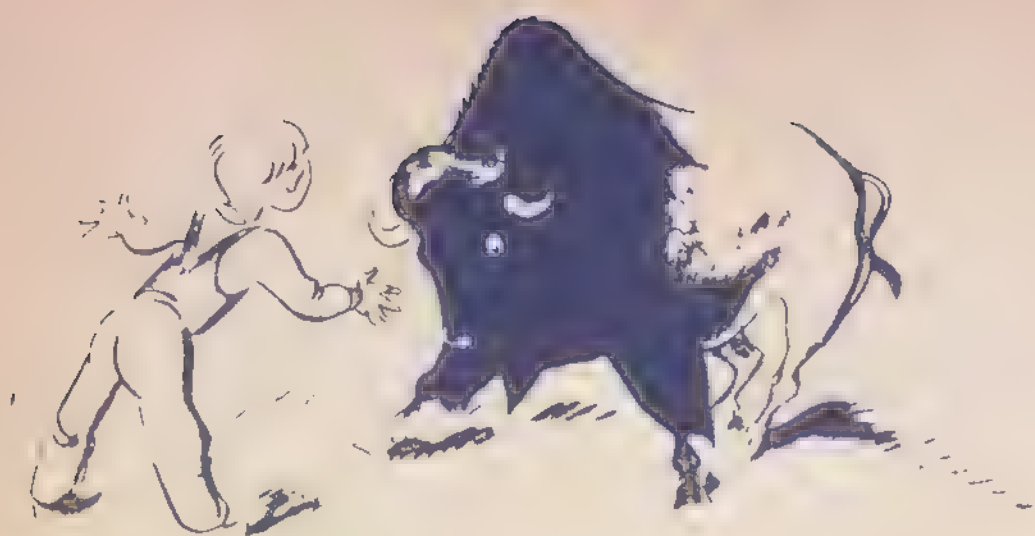
through no fault of its own.

We will quote from the flap of the jacket on the book to give you an idea of the story:

"Once there was a little boy whose father gave him—just like that—a farm. The Daisy Clover Pussywillow Buffalo Pig Farm in Missouri. Life

there was happy and satisfactory with raspberry-picking in the summer and wagonfuls of pumpkins in the autumn, with rides every day all over the farm on Honky Donkey and a visit every day to the field to see the little boy's buffalo, and of course the daily care of his





own little Pig. But after a year and a half of this splendid life it started to rain. And it rained and it rained. And the river rose and rose."

What happened then, of course, is the most exciting and astonishing part of the whole story so we can't tell that here. And besides you'll enjoy it so much more *with* the illustrations. Because Kurt Wiese's drawings in color and black and white are as delightful as the story itself.

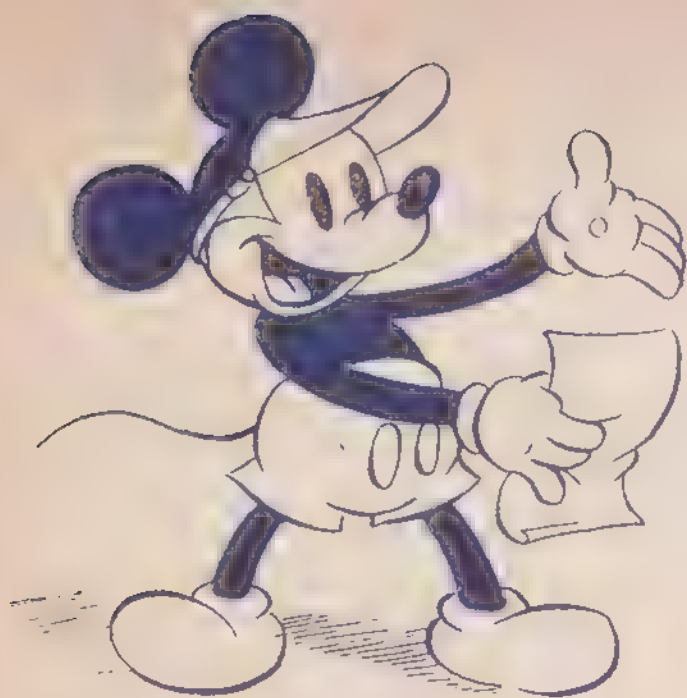
IS IT TRUE that farms with silos and barns and hay-mows and ducks and chickens and horses and cows are dear to the hearts of boys and girls? It must be so because many stories are written about them—and Walt Disney has made a picture or two about them—and when this little boy's father asked him what he wanted most in the whole world, he only had to think *two minutes* before he said, "Father, I want a farm."

There's practically nobody I know whose father could wave a magic wand, as it were, and produce a farm with everything on it his little boy's heart might desire. But that's just why it's fun to have books where wonderful things like that can happen. So then real fathers can buy the books and read the stories aloud until the magic from them begins to work. . . and suddenly! you *are* the little boy in the story and your father is your father and all these wonderful things *are* happening to both of you!



THE STREAMLINED PIG is published by Harper & Brothers, New York City, and costs \$1.50.





LETTERS

to

Hi, Mickey:

I enjoy your magazine very much. Every month I run as fast as I can to the mail box to get it, and am I disappointed when it isn't there! I like Peter the Farm Detective very much and the Star Parade too. Well, that's all I can think of now so I am sending love to you and all your pals.

*David Packard,
Rye, N. Y.*

Dear Mickey Mouse:

My father and I are trying to get a house built and we got two hammers broken, so we had to buy a new one and we have it all ready. I like to see you in pictures.

*No name,
Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Age 6*

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine. Peter the Farm Detective is good. I like your magazine very well. Every one is so good even Donald Duck.

*Alan Withers,
Paisley, Oregon
Age 4*

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine very much. In fact I look for it about two weeks before it is due, and I read it over so many times I almost know it by heart.

*Margaret Biza,
Houston, Texas
Age 6*

Dear Mickey:

I enjoyed your magazine very much. On May I had one and read the story "The Two Outlaws" eight times. Tell Donald not to be very angry always. What round ears you have. Give Minnie my love.

*Socorro Rabbon,
Wailuku, Maui, T. H.
Age 10*

Dear Mickey:

I have sent to Donald for some Pepsodent Tooth Paste. I am sure I will like it.

The last time I wrote a letter to you, you did not put it in, so I wish you would please put it in this time. I like your magazine very much. I am keeping up with "Peter the Farm Detective." It is very exciting! I also like "Your Page," "Wise Quacks," and "Letters to the Editor." I am certainly going to renew my subscription when it runs out.

*Barbara Jean Faust
Worth, W. Va.
Age 12*

Dear Mickey Mouse:

How is every one today? I am just fine. My name is Gypsy Ann Stell. I am eleven years old and I will be twelve January 15. I live in Royalty, Texas in the summer, but I go to a boarding school in Stanton, Texas. I get my mail General Delivery.

Mickey, how is Minnie getting along? Why don't you get married to dear little Minnie. She would make such a nice wife; she is awful cute.

I thought you played your part real good in "Dude, the Bandit," in your July book. I was so glad that Minnie got the reward. Donald acted very selfish.

Mickey, I like the "Star Parade" very much, too. I try to look for it every night. I wrote a letter to Donald Duck, your friend, today, too. I thought that he lived pretty close to you, but I guess I have another thought coming. He is going to send me some Pepsodent tooth powder so my teeth will be white like "Snow White's."

Send me something to remember you by. You will hear from me often. I will always be your pal.

*Gypsy Ann Stell,
Royalty, Texas*

Dear Mickey:

I like your Mickey Mouse book very much. I am down here in the Ozarks where there are many scorpions. Last year my cat got stung by one. It was very funny for us but very painful for him. I brought your Mickey Mouse book down with me. I am going to lend my Mickey Mouse Book to my little friend down here.

*Loretta Desmond,
Independence, Mo.
Age 8*

Dear Mickey:

I have been reading your magazine for a very long time and I think it is one of the best I read, because it is not only a "fun" magazine but it is also educational. I live thirty miles from the border of Mexico. I have been there many times. I have been as far south in Mexico as Monterey which is two hundred and eighty miles from Brackettville. I would appreciate hearing from other readers of "The Mickey Mouse Magazine."

*Cleigh Nease,
Ann Street
Brackettville, Texas
Age 13*

the EDITOR

Dear Mickey:

I wish that you would come to see me so I could tell you how much I like your magazine, but as you can't I will tell you in this letter. Sometimes I think I am not going to get it, because it seems so long between times. I hope my subscription never ends, after it does I will get another.

*James Aagaard,
Chicago, Ill.
Age 7*

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine very much. When my mother calls me I hide so I can read your magazine. I like Donald 'cause he is so cute and funny. Tell Mr. Disney hello for me.

*Rosalie Taormina,
Donna, Texas
Age 11*

Dear Mickey:

My sister is writing for me. I have been sick most all my life and have never been to school. I like your magazine very much. I sent away for my tooth paste. Your tooth paste gets my teeth so clean. I like you and Donald Duck. Donald is so funny.

*Junie Hobson,
Palmer, Mass.
Age 7*

Dear Mickey Mouse:

You will find my subscription for the MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE for two years. I also sent in a comic. Thank you for the subscription blank. Tell Goofy to write up another song like Happy Summertime so I can practice it on my trumpet.

*Hortselle Stewart, Jr.
Opelika, Ala.*

Dear Pals:

I take your magazine and I think it's the best in the world. I liked Garden Charts because it was very useful in helping me plant my garden. And I love your stories, especially "Dude the Bandit." How is the Gang?

*Anne Biddle,
Springfield, Ohio
Age 11*

Dear Mickey:

I live on a farm with my Mother, Father and Brother. So we have cows, horses, chickens and cats for pets. I have a bull called Frisky and two heifers called Bossy and Blackie which are one year old. I also have a little chicken called Peppie. They are my best pets. I like your magazine very much. Best of all I like Peter the Farm Detective, and because I am a book worm I like to read stories.

*Paul W. Kline,
Myerstown, Pa.
Age 13*

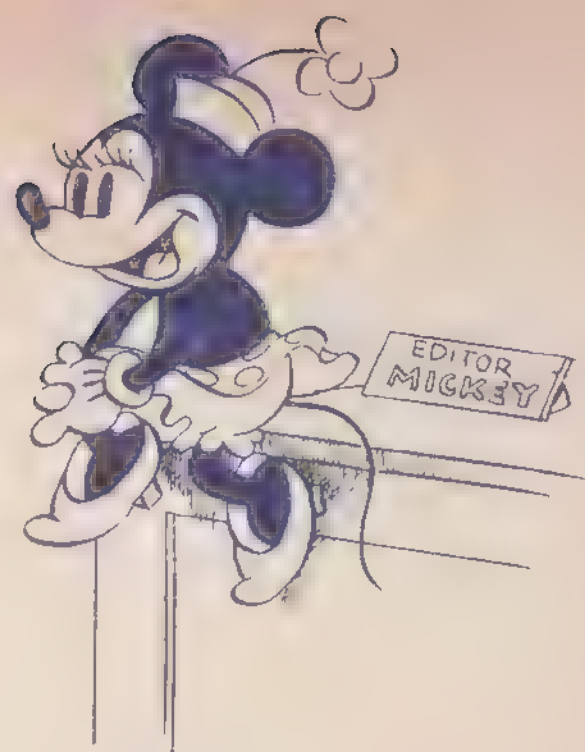
Dear Mickey:

I think your magazine is just grand. I borrowed a copy from a friend of mine, and ever since I've been nuts about it. Donald Duck sure is proud of his "Wise Quacks."

I was born in Alaska. Some people down in the States think we drive dog sleds and drink whale blubber, but it's not true. In the summer it's real warm here.

I certainly hope my letter is published. I wish some of your friends would write to me. I will try to answer them.

*Elinor Winther,
Petersburg, Alaska
Age 10*



Dear Mickey:

I enjoy your magazine very much. I like the story, "A Coat for Kleintje" very much for I come from Holland. I used to live in The Hague. We all speak Dutch at home.

*Anna M. Schuurman,
Aylmer, Que., Canada
Age 10*

Hello, Everybody:

*Such excitement as we've had!
So many letters have come from
all our little friends that we've had
to run downstairs everyday and
help the mailman carry them in!
And what fun to tear them open
and read them!*

*But, do you know, some of the
letters have no names or addresses
on them at all. So don't forget to
sign your letters—and put down
your age, too—and address them
to: Editor, Mickey Mouse Maga-
zine, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New
York City.*

Your pal,

Mickey

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 28

1. RADIATOR
2. CLUTCH
3. BRAKES
4. WHEEL
5. TIRES
6. LIGHTS

MICKY
GETS
HIS
MAN


**MICKEY
AND GOOFY
ESCAPE
FROM JAIL
AND START
AFTER
PAUNCHO
MALARKY
ARMED ONLY
WITH A
SLINGSHOT,
MADE FROM
A BARRED
WINDOW
AND A
PAIR OF
SUSPENDERS.**

HERE'S WHERE THE STAGECOACH
TURNED OFF THE ROAD! AND
PALINCHO'S
IN IT---
BECAUSE
WE HAVE
GOT HIS
HORSE!

WE MUST BE CAREFUL!
IF HE SEES US FIRST, HE'LL
SHOOT US
IN OUR
TRACKS!

YEAH! AND
WHAT'S MORE,
I'LL MAKE
PLENTY FOR
HIM TO
SHOOT US
IN!

THE TRACKS LEAD INTO THAT VALLEY--SO WE'LL TAKE THE HILLS ABOVE! I HAVE A HUNCH IT'LL GIVE US AN ADVANTAGE!

UH-HUH!
AN' I'VE
GOT A
HUNCH
WE'RE
GOING TO
NEED
ONE!

THAT LOOKS LIKE A BLIND CANYON!
I THINK MAYBE WE'D BETTER
GET OFF AND WALK!

IF I'M RIGHT,
WE'LL BE ABLE
TO SPOT HIM
FROM THOSE
ROCKS!

SEE? I TOLD YOU SO
THERE'S HIS HIDE-OUT!

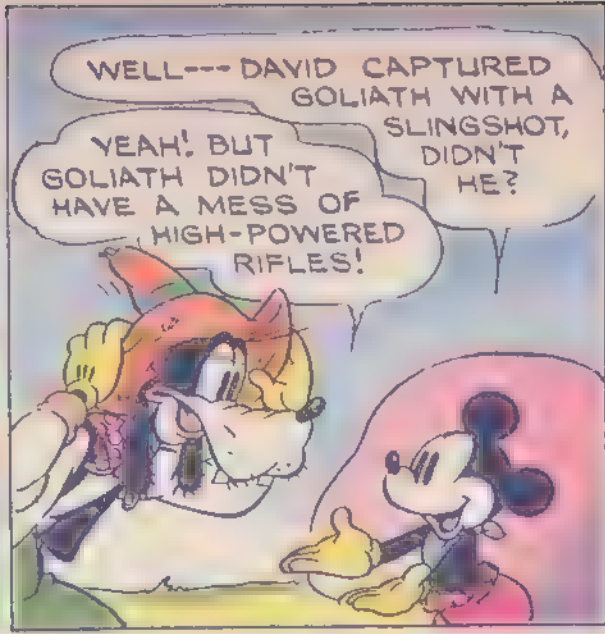
WE'LL START
THE SIEGE RIGHT
NOW! BRING
ME A PILE
OF ROCKS
ABOUT THIS
SIZE!

HOT DIGGETTY!
A BULL'S-EYE! NOW
WE'LL SEE IF
HE'S IN!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



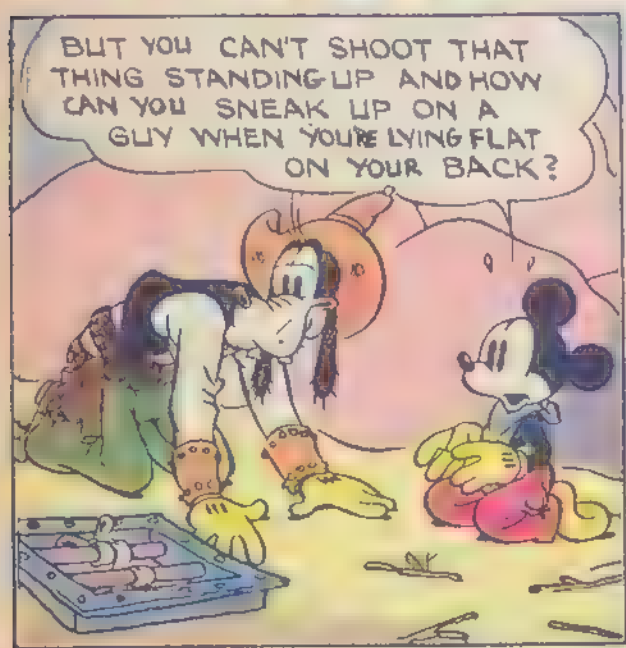
NOW THAT WE KNOW HE'S DOWN THERE, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO CAPTURE HIM?



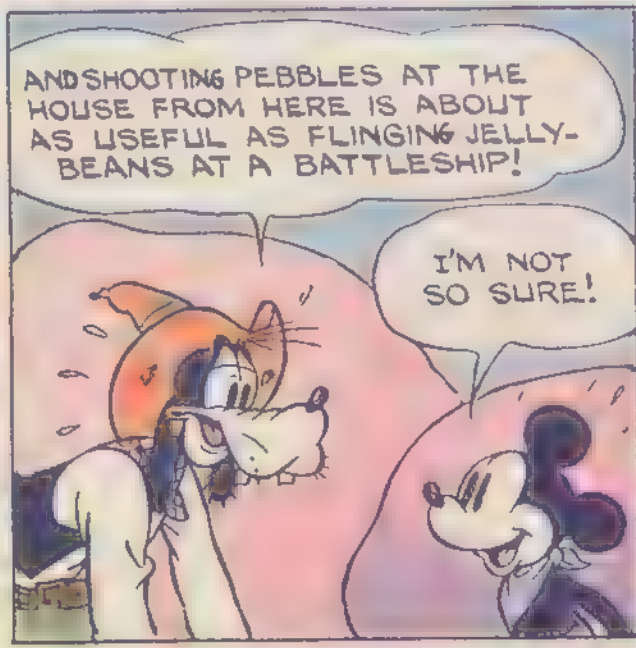
WELL--- DAVID CAPTURED GOLIATH WITH A SLINGSHOT, DIDN'T HE?
YEAH! BUT GOLIATH DIDN'T HAVE A MESS OF HIGH-POWERED RIFLES!



DOGGONE IT! I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY WE COULD SNEAK UP AND GET THE DROP ON HIM!



BUT YOU CAN'T SHOOT THAT THING STANDING UP AND HOW CAN YOU SNEAK UP ON A GUY WHEN YOU'RE LYING FLAT ON YOUR BACK?

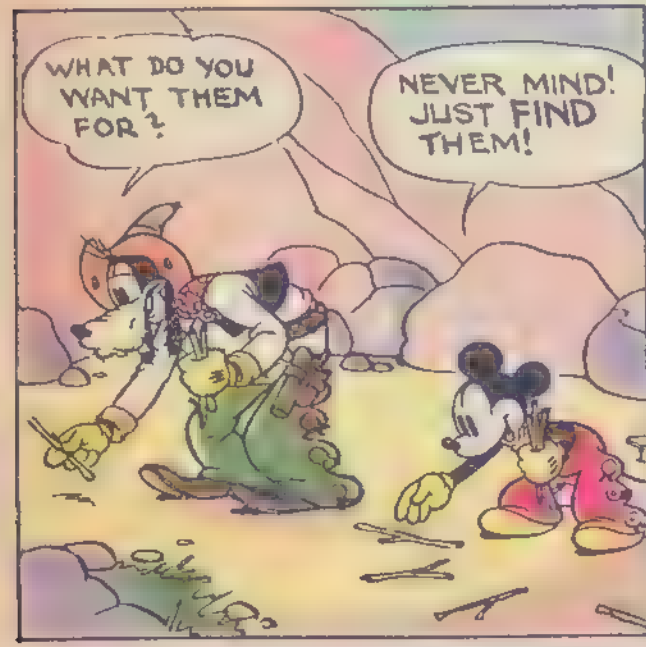


AND SHOOTING PEBBLES AT THE HOUSE FROM HERE IS ABOUT AS USEFUL AS FLINGING JELLY-BEANS AT A BATTLESHIP!

I'M NOT SO SURE!



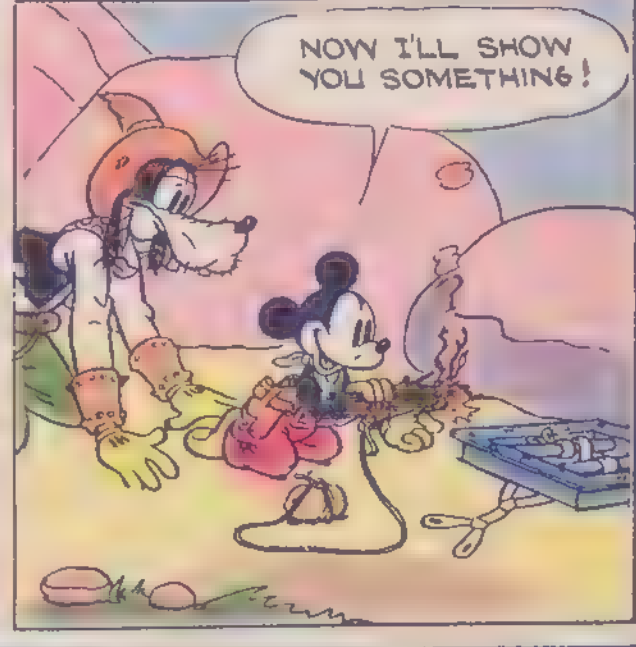
GOOFY! I THINK I'VE GOT IT! HUNT ME UP A LOT OF DRY TWIGS, WILL YOU?



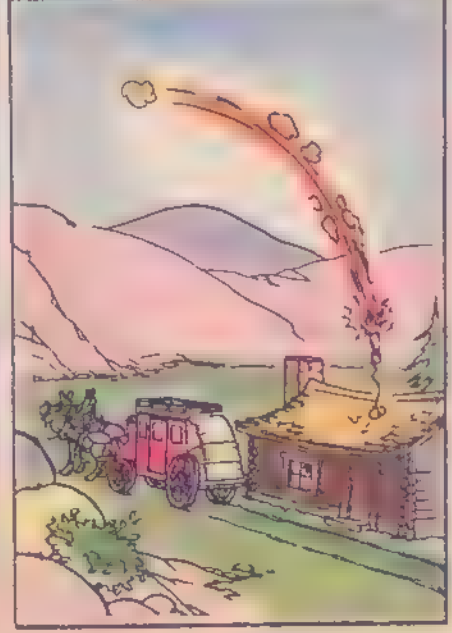
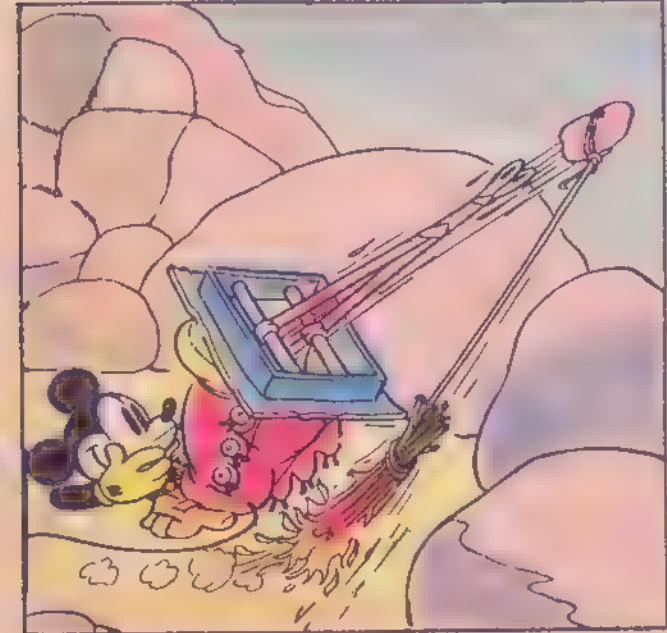
WHAT DO YOU WANT THEM FOR?
NEVER MIND! JUST FIND THEM!



SWELL! THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH!



NOW I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING!



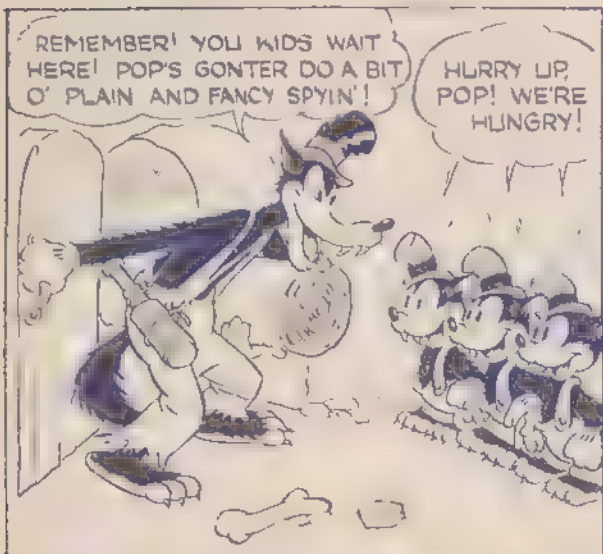
LOOK! IT'S BURNING! HE'LL HAVE TO COME OUT!
YEAH, YOU BIG RUMMY! NOW WE ARE IN FOR IT!



THE

PRACTICAL

PIG!



REMEMBER! YOU KIDS WAIT HERE! POP'S GONTER DO A BIT O' PLAIN AND FANCY SPYIN'!

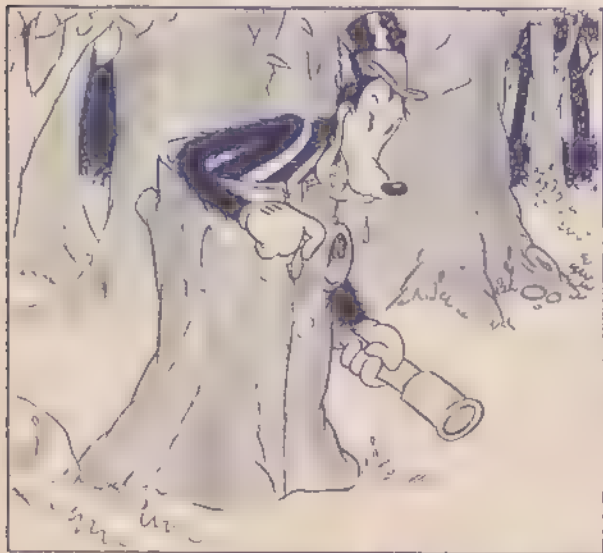
HURRY UP, POP! WE'RE HUNGRY!



FIRST, TO SEE WHAT THE LIL' PORKERS ARE UP TO--- THEN I'LL LAY ME PLANS TO NAB 'EM! HEH-HEH-HEH!



THERE'S TH TWO LUSCULS LITTLE MORSELS NOW! I'LL GIT AN EYEFUL OF WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



AHA! WRITIN' A NOTE THAT THEY'RE LEAVIN HOME! NOW WHERE ARE THEY GOIN'?



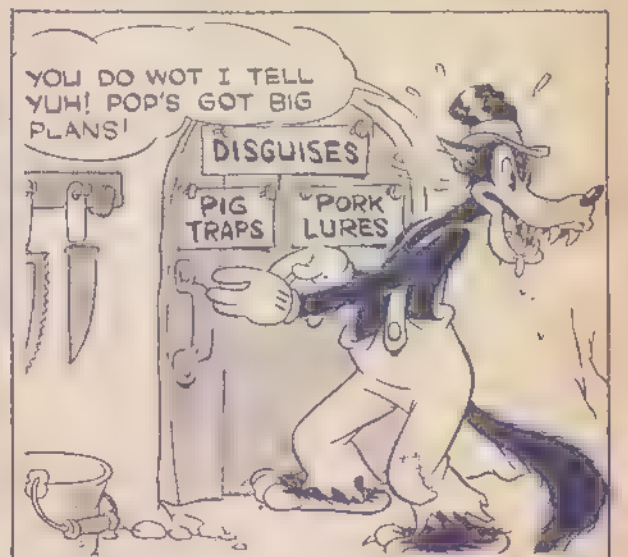
OUR BROTHER'S GONTA REGRET THIS DAY!

HE'LL BE SORRY WHEN WE'RE LIVIN' IN THE WOODS WITH THE GYPSIES!



YOU KIDS GO TO THE DESERTED MILL ON TH' RIVER! FIX EV'RYTHING FER A PORK DINNER AN' WAIT FER ME!

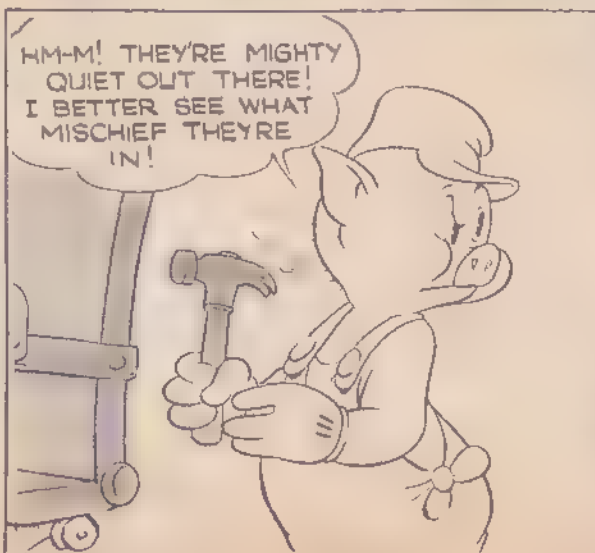
WHAT'S UP, POP?



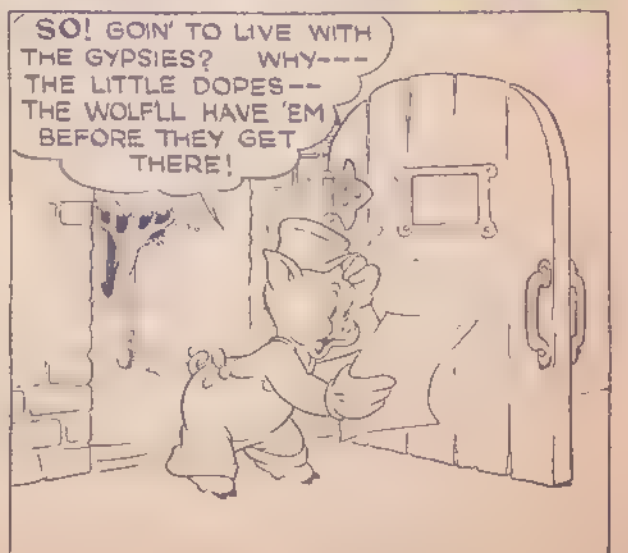
YOU DO WOT I TELL YUH! POP'S GOT BIG PLANS!



AFTER ALL, I'M MAKIN' THIS MACHINE FOR THEIR BENEFIT ---AN' THE LAZY GUYS WO'NT EVEN HELP!



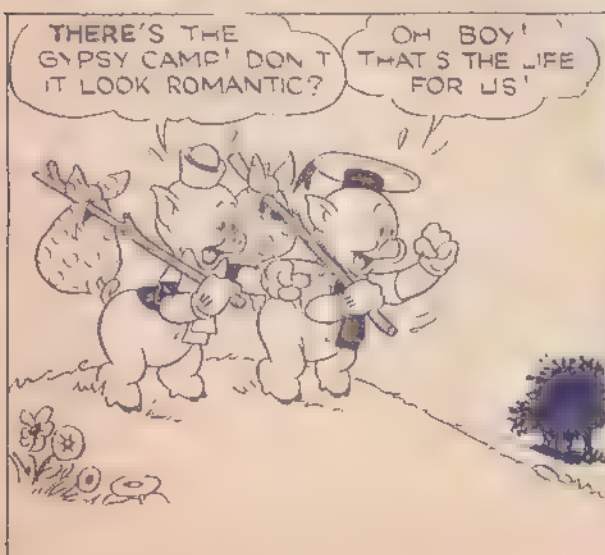
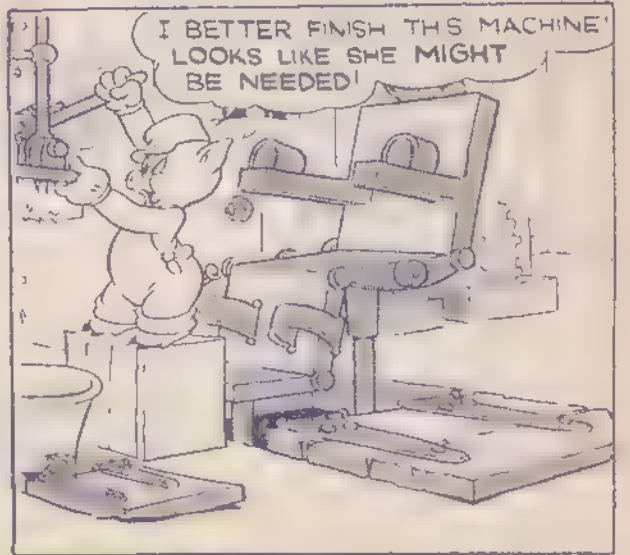
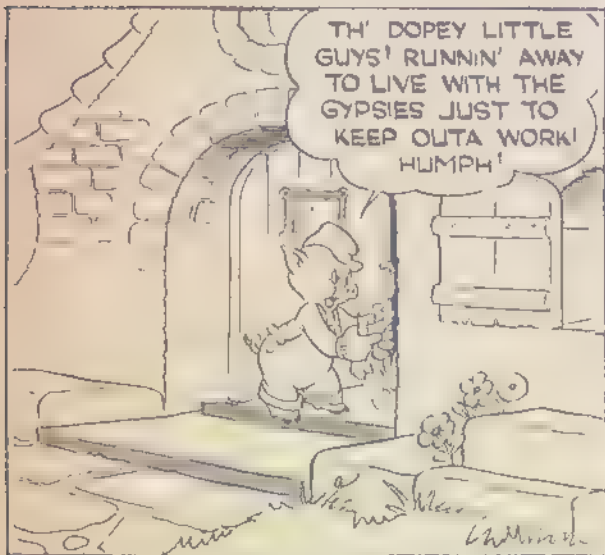
HM-M! THEY'RE MIGHTY QUIET OUT THERE! I BETTER SEE WHAT MISCHIEF THEY'RE IN!



SO! GOIN' TO LIVE WITH THE GYPSIES? WHY--- THE LITTLE DOPES-- THE WOLFLL HAVE 'EM BEFORE THEY GET THERE!



THE PRACTICAL PIG!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



GAWRSH, MICKEY--
LOOKS LIKE HE
AIN'T COMIN' OUT!
THE HOUSE IS
PURTY NEAR
BURNED DOWN!

BUT, GOOFY, HE HAS TO
COME OUT! HE'S NOT
GOING TO STAY IN
THERE
AND
BURN!



MAYBE HE
AIN'T THERE!

HE MUST BE!
IF HE'S NOT THERE,
WHERE IS
HE?



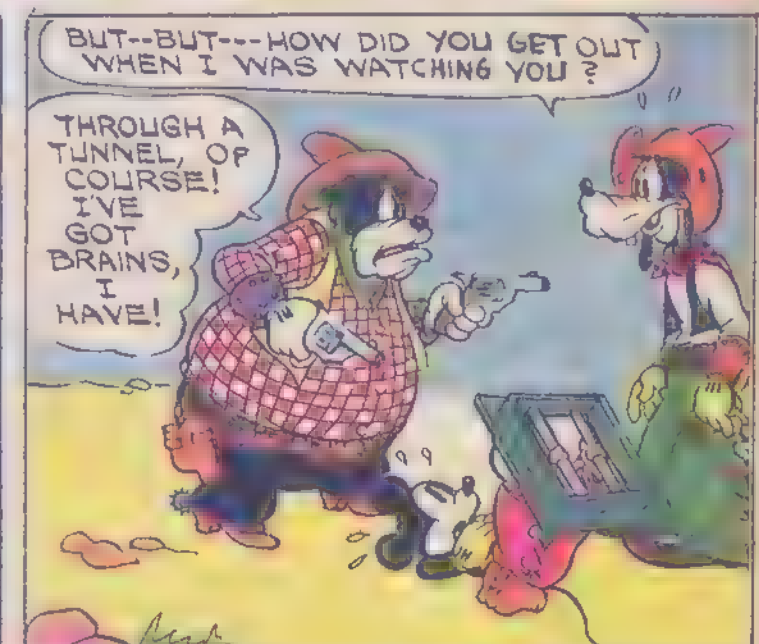
DON'T LOOK
NOW---BUT I
THINK HE'S
BEHIND
YOU!



DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE,
EITHER ONE OF YOU
STAY RIGHT
WHERE YOU
ARE OR I'LL
PLUG YOU
LIKE A
SIEVE!

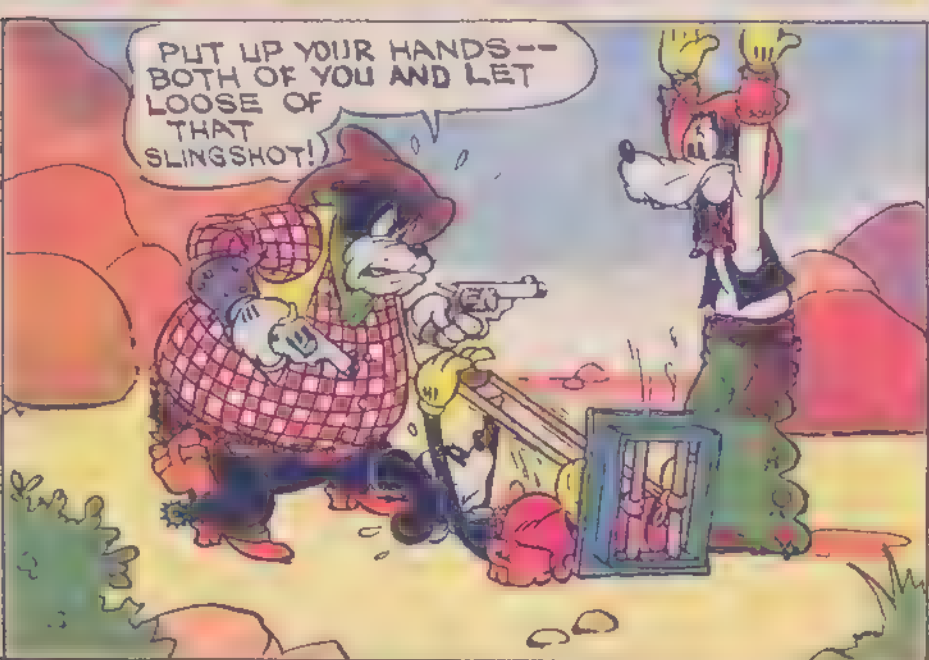


TRY TO TRAP ME WITH
YOUR DINKY SLINGSHOT, WILL
YOU? AND BURN MY HOUSE DOWN,
WILL YOU? WELL, YOU AIN'T
GOING TO LIVE TO BRAG ABOUT
IT, I
CAN
TELL
YOU
THAT!

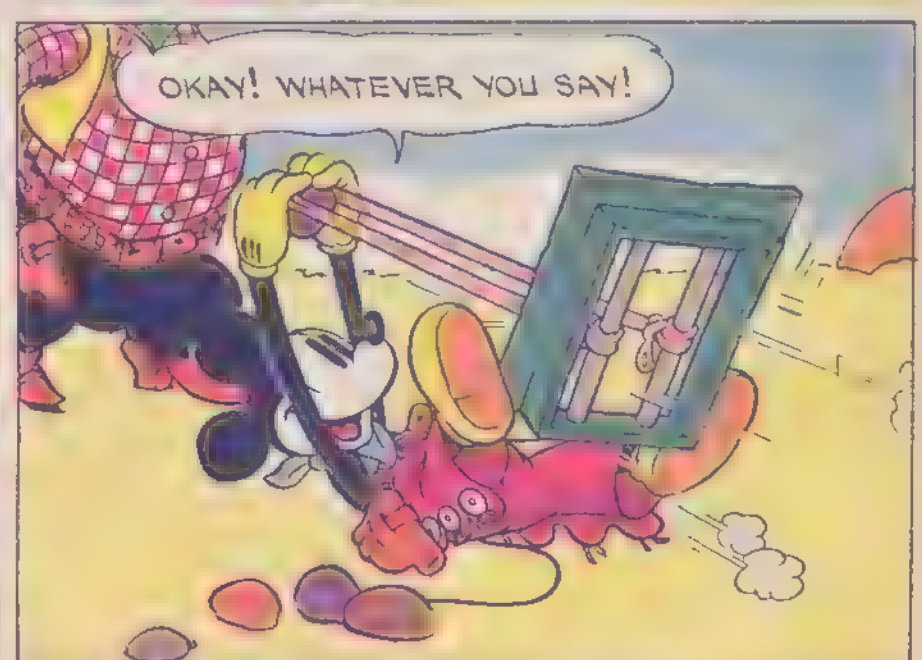


BUT--BUT---HOW DID YOU GET OUT
WHEN I WAS WATCHING YOU?

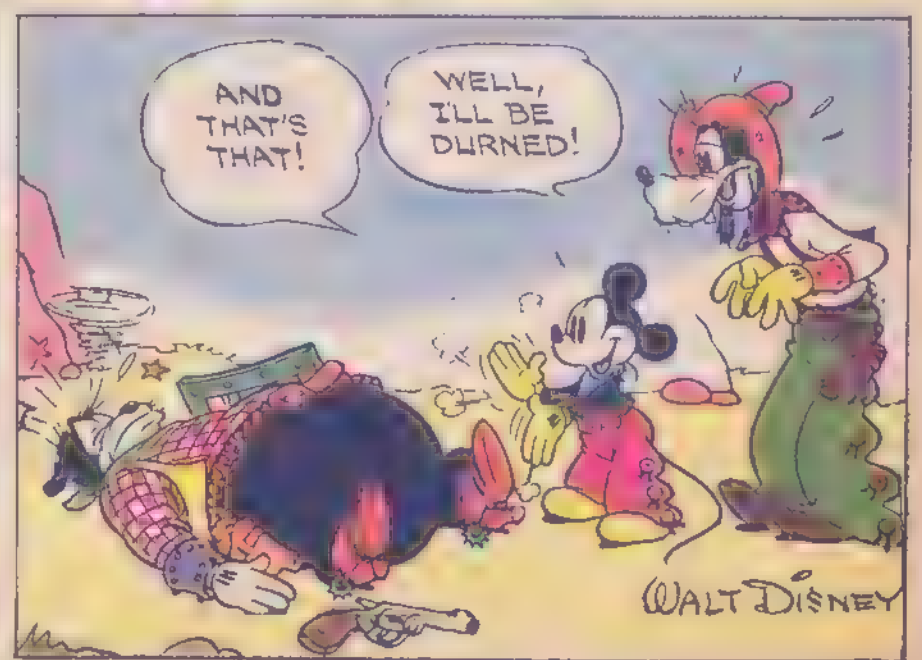
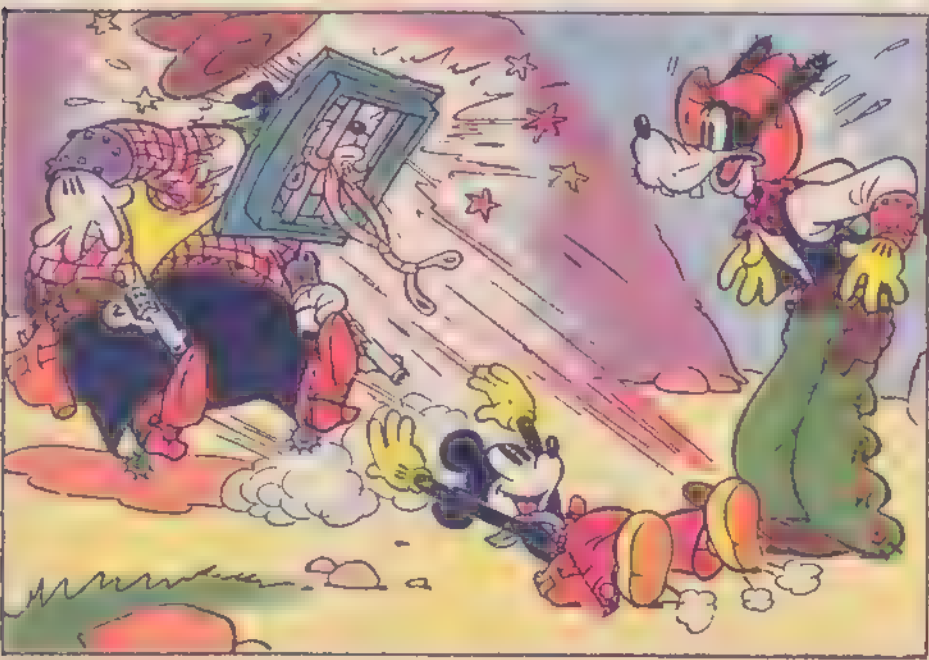
THROUGH A
TUNNEL, OF
COURSE!
I'VE
GOT
BRAINS,
I
HAVE!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS--
BOTH OF YOU AND LET
LOOSE OF
THAT
SLINGSHOT!



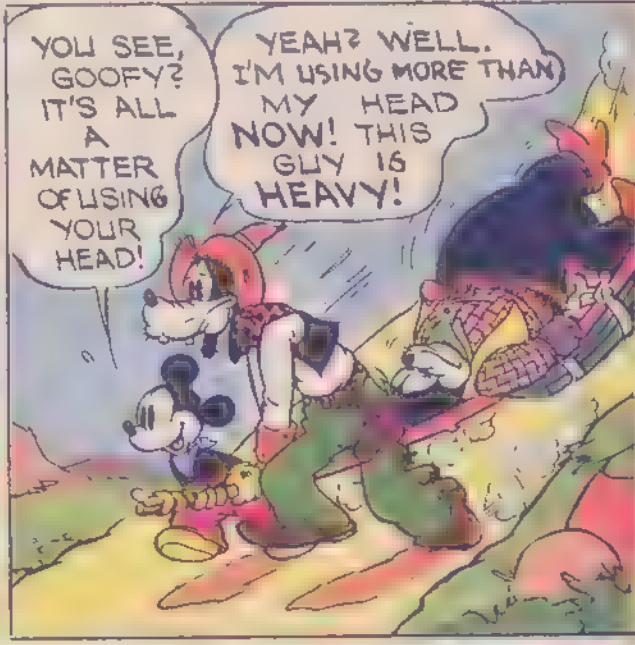
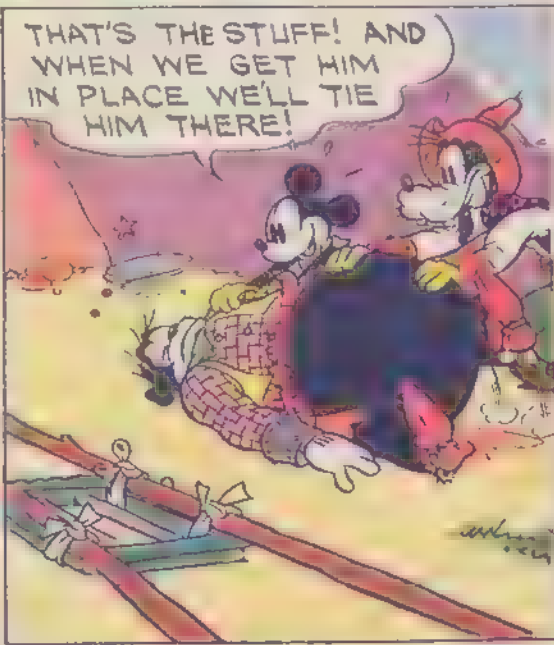
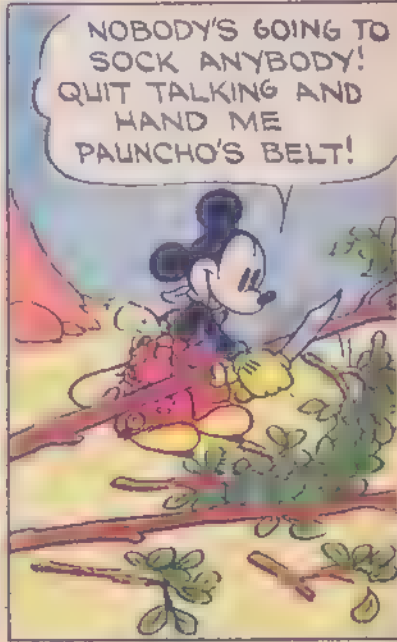
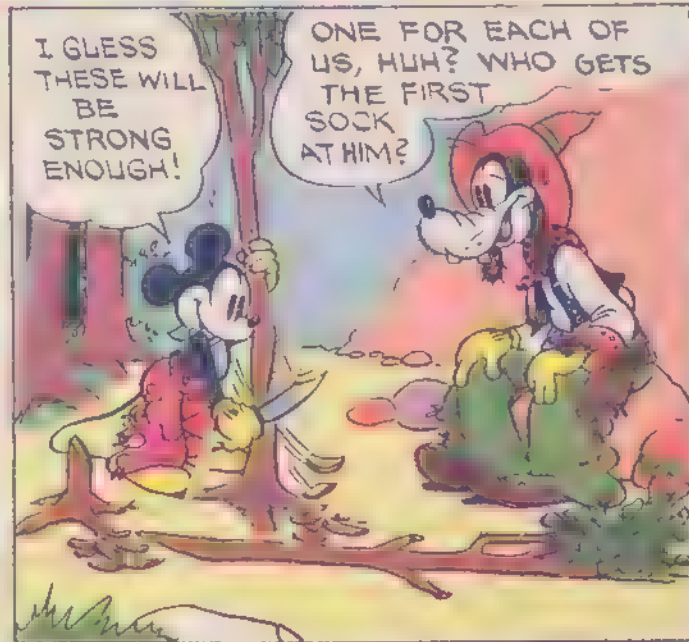
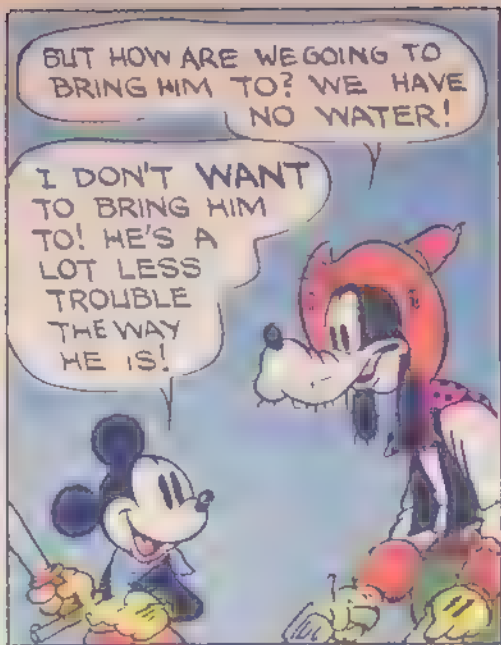
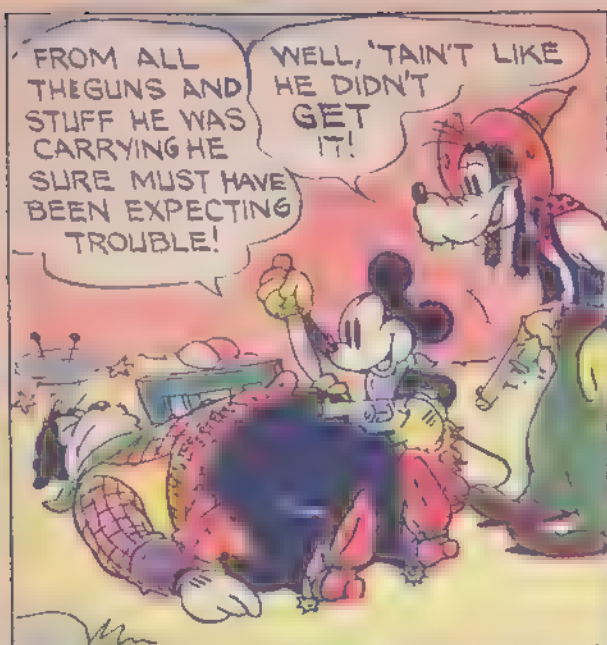
OKAY! WHATEVER YOU SAY!



AND
THAT'S
THAT!

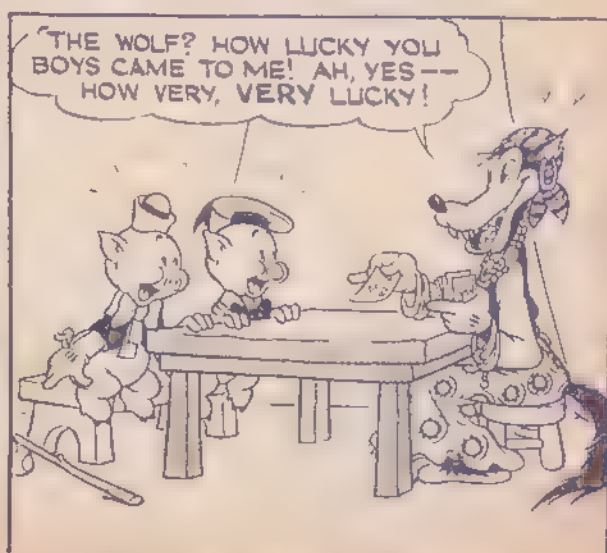
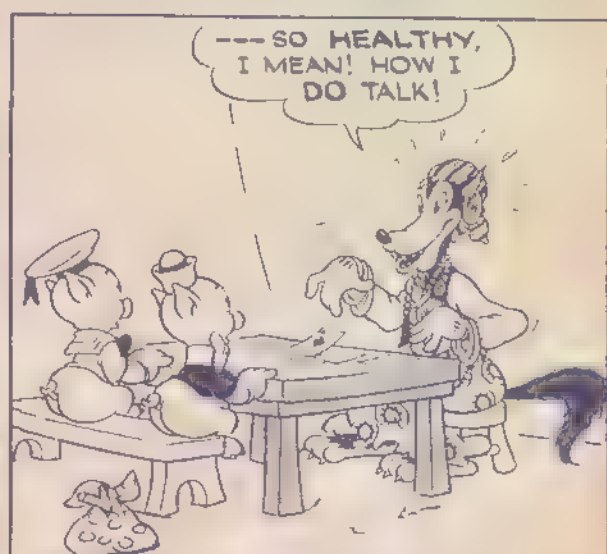
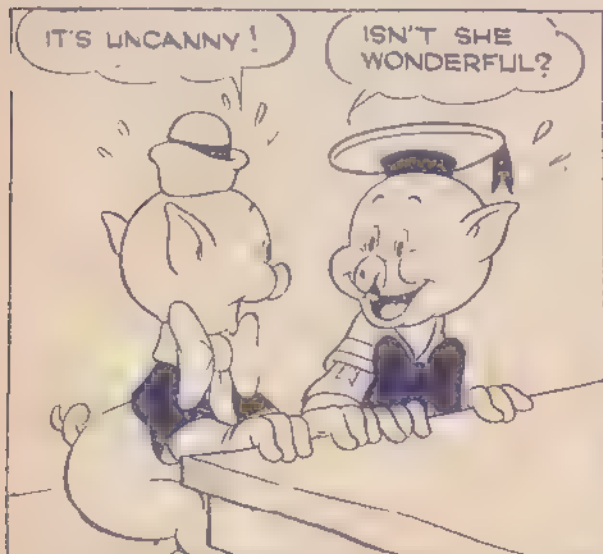
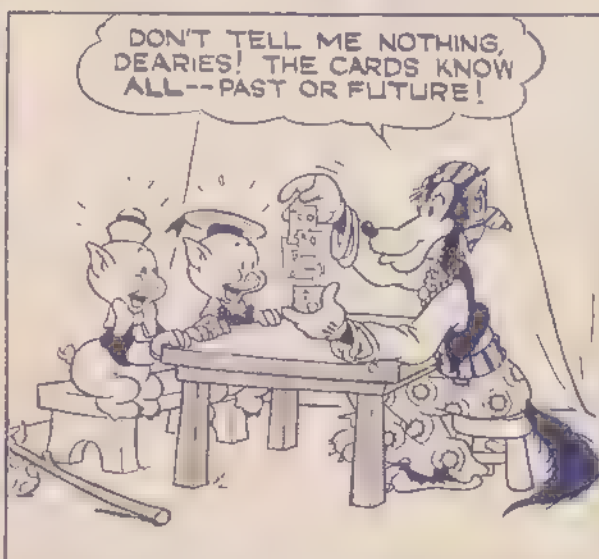
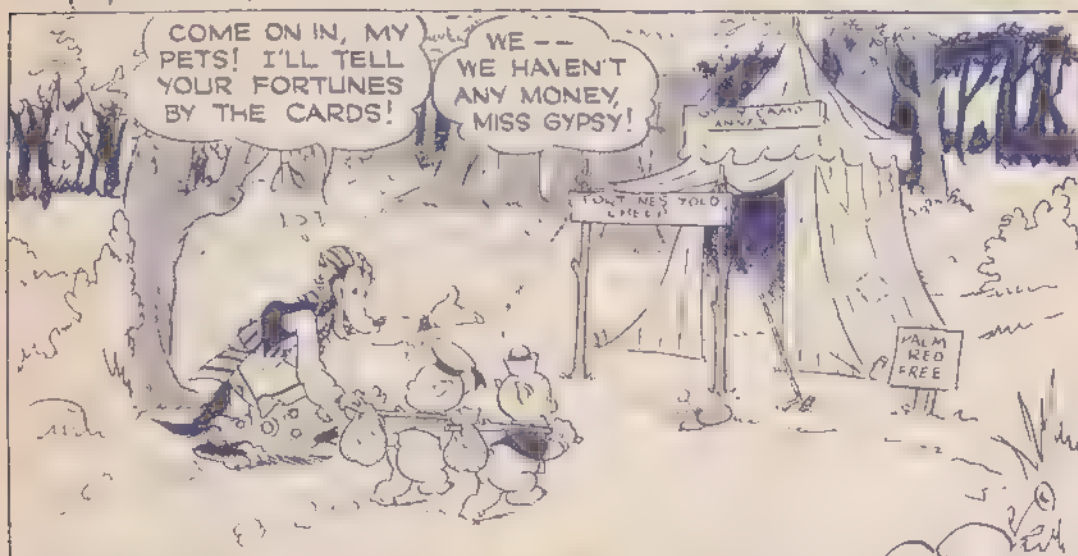
WELL,
I'LL BE
BURNED!

WALT DISNEY



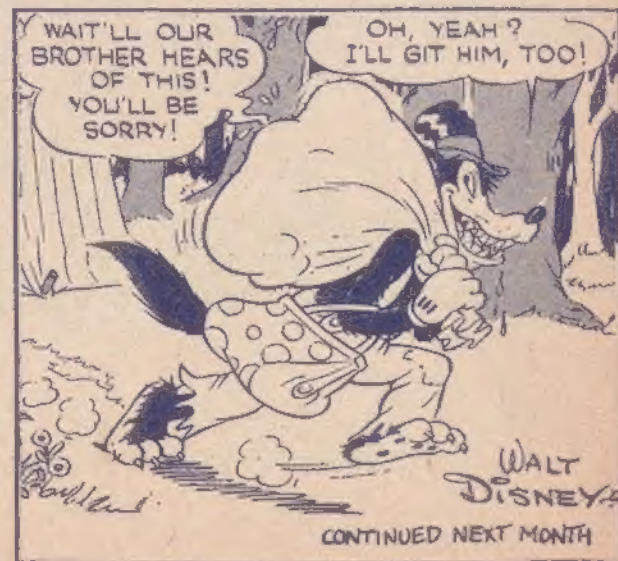
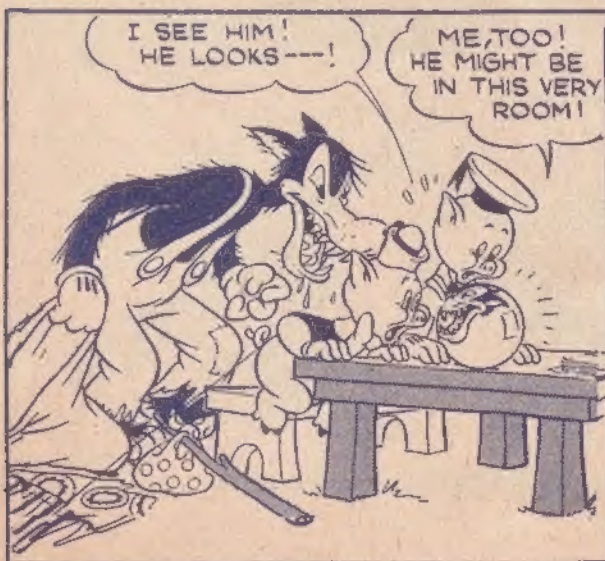
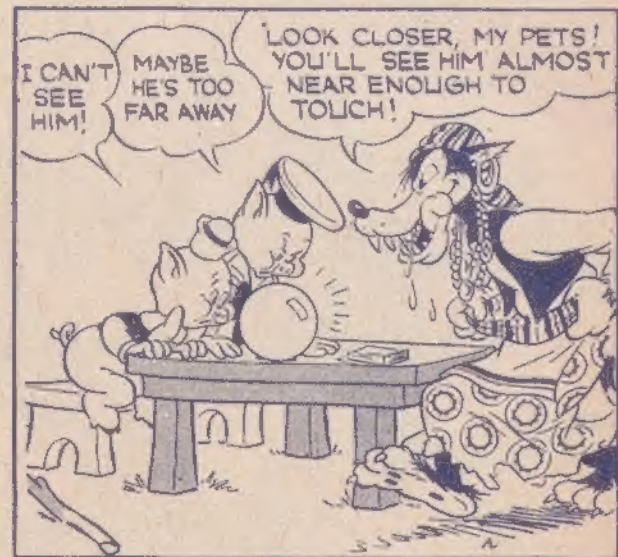
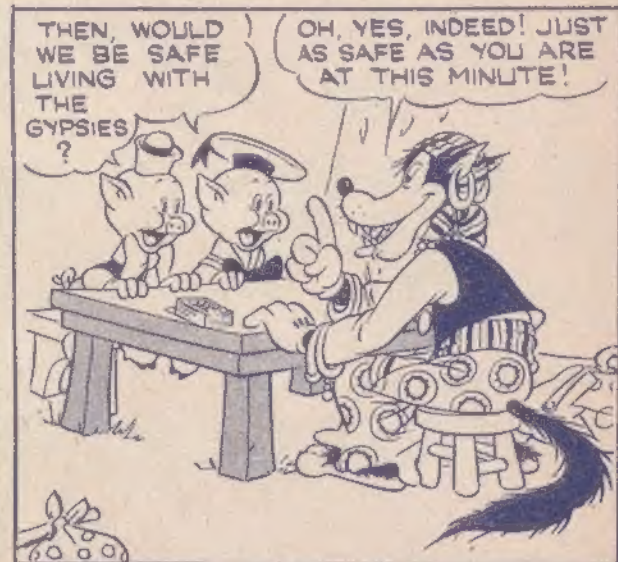
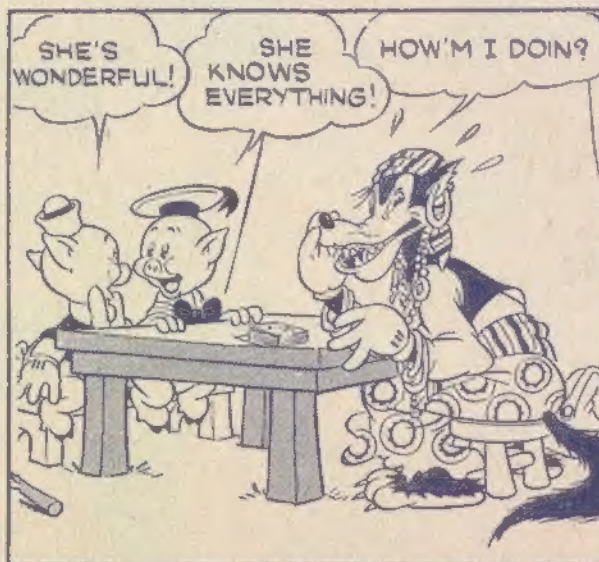


THE PRACTICAL PIG!





THE PRACTICAL PIG!



BOBBY & CHIP



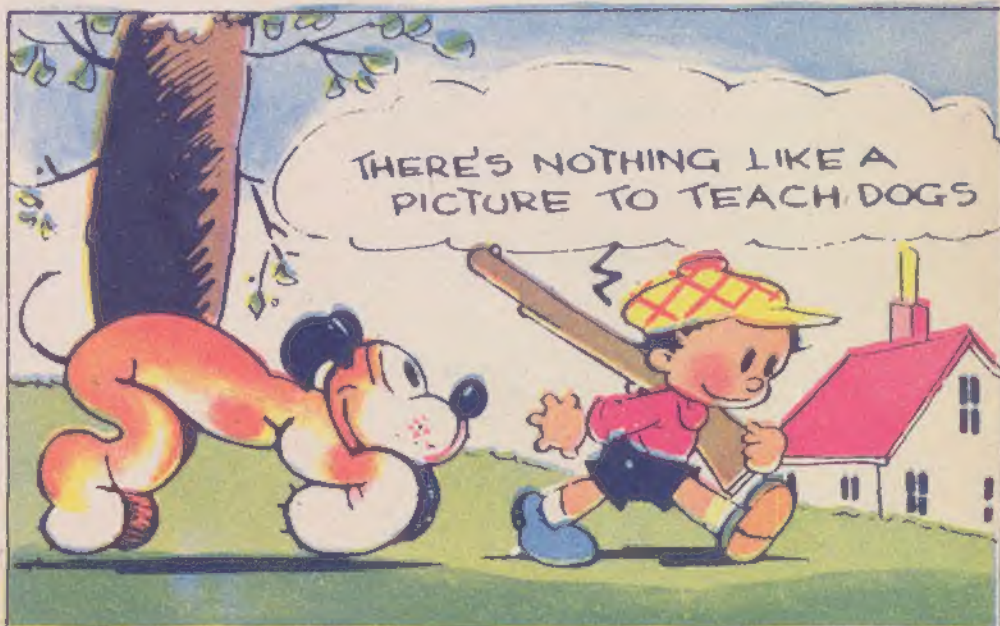
STUDY THOSE HOUNDS IN THAT PAINTING - I WANT YOU TO BE A HUNTING-DOG JUST LIKE THEM



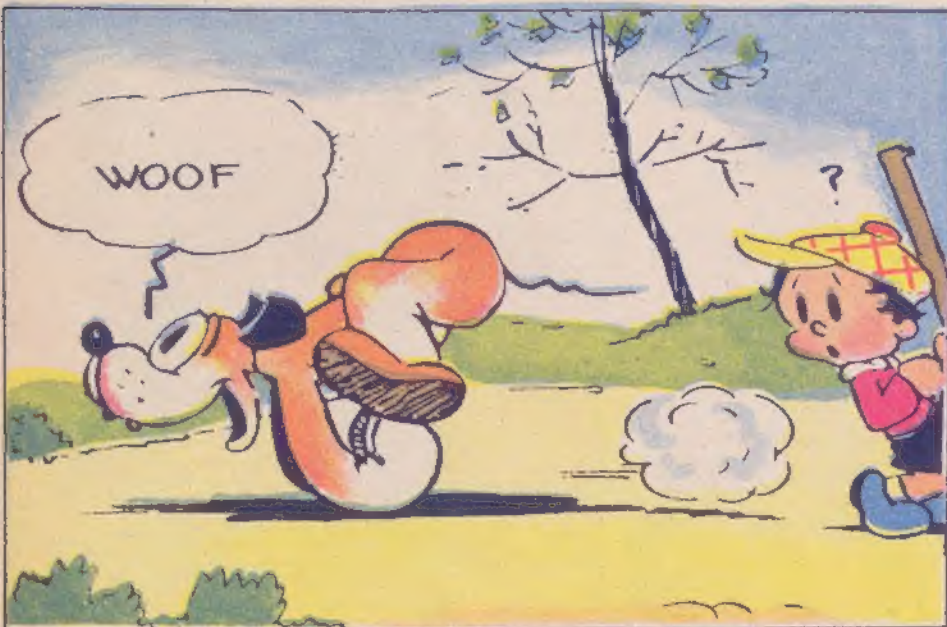
FINE! I CAN SEE BY YOUR TAIL THAT YOU'VE GOT THE IDEA AT LAST



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A PICTURE TO TEACH DOGS

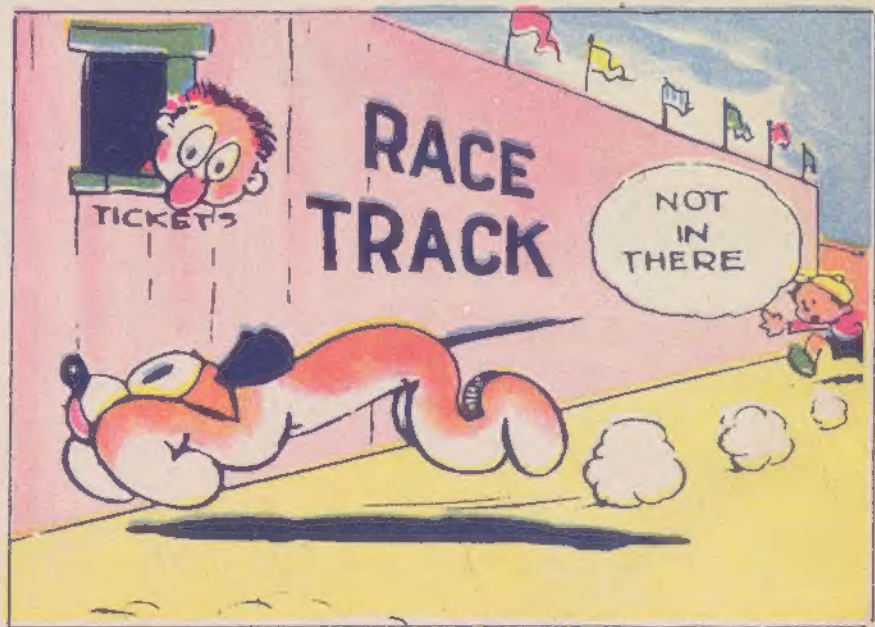


WOOF



RACE TRACK

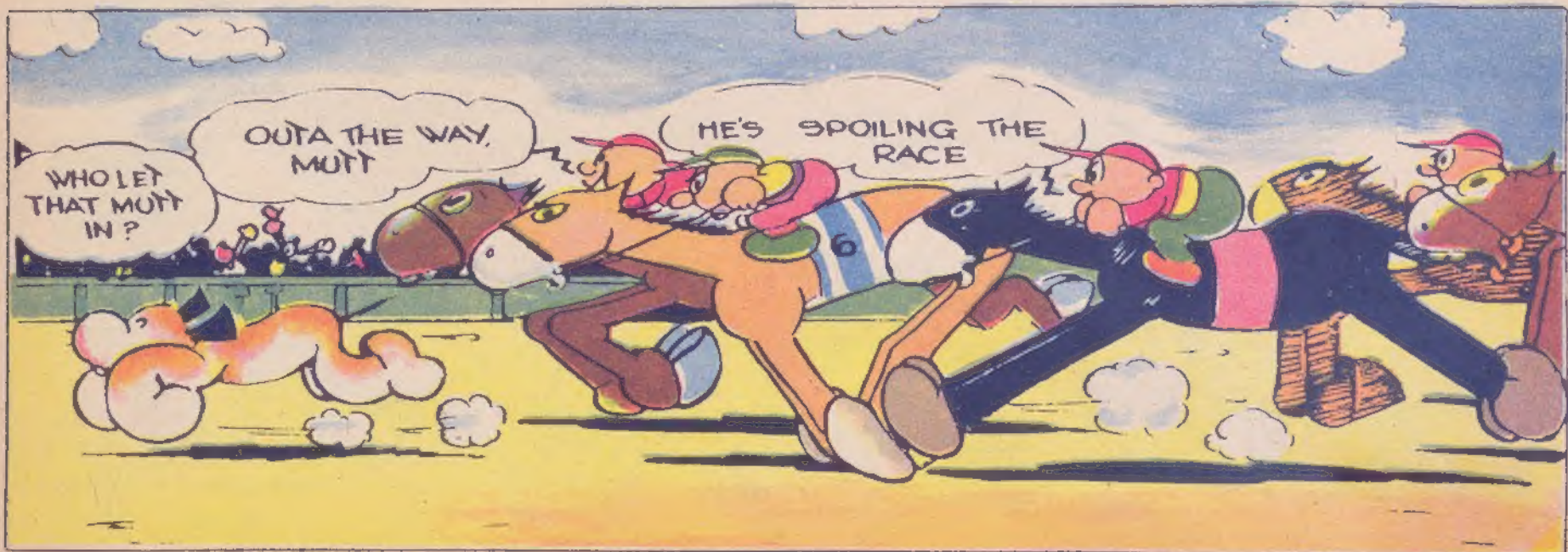
NOT IN THERE



WHO LET THAT MUTT IN?

OUTA THE WAY, MUTT

HE'S SPOILING THE RACE



BOYS AND Girls

NOW ON SALE
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

Walt Disney's
Snow White
and the Seven Dwarfs

- BREAD
THAT IS PURE
AND WHOLESOME
- CAKE
THAT MELTS IN
YOUR MOUTH
- DOUGHNUTS
PURE, LIGHT AND FLUFFY
EVERY BITE A DELIGHT
- POP CORN
THAT IS SWEET AND GOOD
AND MIGHTY GOOD FOR YOU



ALWAYS LOOK FOR SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
ON EVERY PACKAGE. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM BY NAME.
SOLD BY GROCERS, BAKERS, DELICATESSEN AND FOOD STORES.



**THIS
BEAUTIFUL
DESK
For Only
\$1.00**

WITH
REMINGTON
PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

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WALT DISNEY ENTERPRISES

Right you are, Mickey, my mouse! And it's a desk that any boy or girl is always proud to own. Made of beautifully finished fibre board. Strong enough to support 600 pounds. Just clip and mail

us the coupon below. Remington Rand will tell you how you can have your own desk and Remington typewriter right away.

YOURS—FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

Actually—as little as 10c a day! That's how easy it is for anyone to own a Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter . . . plus this sturdy, convenient desk. The coupon will give you the details. Send us the coupon today.



AND WITHOUT CHARGE

With your typewriter you receive our new 24-page booklet on touch typing, prepared by experts to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. It gives you all the shortcuts that experts use. It prepares you to get complete enjoyment from your machine. The Remington Noiseless Portable is also equipped with a luggage-type carrying case—you can take it with you anywhere, use it anywhere, type whenever you want to write.



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